

ANGELS
AND
WOMEN

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Mrs E J Haysen

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ANGELS AND WOMEN

A Revision of the Unique Novel

Seola by Mrs. J. G. Smith *And Eliza Brainerd*

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FOREWORD

TRITE but true is the saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Fiction sometimes illuminates the truth.

A number of years ago Mrs. J. G. Smith published a novel entitled *Seola*. She claims to have been impelled to write it after listening to beautiful music. She made no pretense of a knowledge of the Bible. Yet many of her sayings are so thoroughly in accord with the correct understanding of certain scriptures that the novel is exceedingly interesting and sometimes thrilling.

The greatest Bible scholar of modern times read this book shortly before his death. To a close personal friend he said: "This book, if revised according to the facts we now know concerning spiritism, would be instructive and helpful." Long prior thereto this noted Bible scholar had written and published the first clear exposition of the Bible teaching on spiritism. He advised his personal friend to revise the novel *Seola* and to publish it if opportunity was afforded at some future time.

This book deals with the events transpiring between the date of the creation of man and the great deluge. The principal characters figuring in the novel are Satan, fallen angels and women. Angels are heavenly messengers. There was a time when all angels were good. The time came when many of them allied themselves with Satan and became evil, hence called "fallen angels." Woman possesses finer sensibilities than man. She is more susceptible to seductive influences. Satan and his allies have taken advantage of this fact in overreaching woman and through woman overreaching man. Holy angels are the exemplification of good. Good women are blessed creatures. Evil spirit beings

started good human beings on the downward road. Evil angels and bad women have made countless millions mourn.

The Bible story of fallen angels or evil spirits is briefly told as follows:

Lucifer, once a good spirit being, of great knowledge and authority, in order to satisfy his ambitious desire for greater authority, deceived Eve, the first woman, causing her to sin. Adam, the first man, joined her in the transgression. The sentence of death and expulsion from Eden resulted. Nine hundred and thirty years were employed in executing that death sentence. During that time there was born to Adam and Eve a number of children. Sixteen hundred years later, among these descendants of Adam and Eve, were Noah and his family.

Lucifer, now degraded, was named by Jehovah the Dragon, that old Serpent, Satan the Devil. God had permitted the angels, prior to the flood, to have supervision of the peoples of earth. (Hebrews 2:3.) These angels had power to materialize in human form and mingle amongst the human race. Satan seduced many of these angels and caused them to become wicked or fallen ones. They in turn debauched the women descendants of Adam. The materialized angels, called "sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." (Genesis 6:2.) A mongrel race resulted from these fallen angels with the offspring of Adam. These filled the earth with wickedness and violence. Their wickedness became so great that the Lord Jehovah brought upon the world the great deluge that destroyed all of this mongrel race.

The sons of God who succumbed to the temptations and thus became the fallen angels are alluded to as "Devas" in this book; their offspring as "Darvands."

The fallen angels or evil spirits were not destroyed in the flood, but imprisoned in the darkness of the atmosphere near the earth. Upon this point the inspired words of holy writ are: "For God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment." (2 Peter 2:4.) "And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day." (Jude 6.)

Since the flood these evil angels have had no power to materialize, yet they have had the power and exercised it, of communicating with human beings through willing dupes known as spirit mediums. Thus have been deceived hundreds of thousands of honest people into believing that their dead friends are alive and that the living can talk with the dead.

All students, familiar with the Bible teaching concerning spiritism, will read this book with the keenest interest because it shows the method employed by Satan and the wicked angels to debauch and overthrow the human race. The reviser of this book is of the opinion that the original manuscript was dictated to the woman who wrote it by one of the fallen angels who desired to return to divine favor. It is believed that reverential persons now examining the revised edition of this book will have a better understanding of the evil influence about us and be better fortified in the Lord's word and grace to shield and protect themselves from these evil influences.

Spiritism, otherwise named demonism, is working great evil amongst men. It should be studiously avoided. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Hence this publication.

FINDING THE MANUSCRIPT

NORTH SYRIAN MTS., May 23, 19—.

THIS month must be marked in white; it is the date of a wonderful discovery.

Toiling along the steeps of the Anti-Libanus, on our way to Jahrada, we halted for the midday repast and, while the guides were preparing it, reclined in the shade of the scanty foliage. As we leisurely surveyed the sterile landscape, our attention was attracted to an object quite unexpected in this desert place, a flower of surprising beauty, which hung from a broad shelf of rock opposite.

Edmund sprang forward to gather the wonderful blossom, and upon reaching the perilous steep to sustain himself laid hold of the root of a decayed tree which had once grown there. His weight had scarce been thus suspended when the stump gave way and slid down, carrying with it the earth in

which it had been imbedded, a portion of the rock and the rash intruder who had dared disturb its venerable repose.

When reassured that no injury was sustained, we turned to examine the spot from whence the avalanche descended. Upon the perpendicular face of the rock, now fully exposed, was a clearly defined triangle about eight feet in altitude. A complicated figure sculptured in the center marked it the work of man. Speculation as to its character was cut short by Monsieur S——, who exclaimed: "That figure is the Phœnician Daleth! Plainly as would our language, it says: 'This is a door.' Ah, what lies behind?"

In great excitement we sent to the valley for aid; the triangular rock was removed, and proved to be the door of an artificial cave, about twelve feet square, cut in the mountain. The sides of this cave were smooth, the ceiling was arched, and in the center of the dome, among unknown sculp-

tured characters, we perceived a cross of peculiar design.

Upon a marble slab slightly raised from the floor, a heap of dust, tattered fibre, and shreds of gold outlined two human figures lying in the set repose of the dead. Diadems that once crowned the heads of the sleepers had fallen to the floor, and by the side of one of the forms, where the hand had been, was a cylindrical object which we immediately secured.

Then the leader of our party spoke:

"No doubt this is one of the oldest tombs in the world. The inscriptions must ante-date even those of the subterranean temples of Ellora and Elephanta. But why should we with irreverent hand disturb these venerable ashes? Let them repose, as we ourselves hope to rest till called forth in the awakening."¹

Without further words he ordered the door to be carefully replaced, and we left

¹ See Appendix, Note 1.

the shelving rock where again the dust of years will gather, other seeds germinate and shoot upwards, and again a leafy veil shimmering in the wind will shut out from human eyes the mysterious Daleth of old Syria.

The relic thus obtained (doubly precious now that further spoliation was forbidden) proved to be a cylinder of purple amethyst about a foot in length and three inches in diameter. Upon one side, engraved with extraordinary delicacy, was the representation of a terrible flood, and upon the other a tree, under whose widespread branches were sitting a noble-looking man and woman with young persons grouped around them. Beneath each figure were detached inscriptions.

In removing the dust from the crystal a spring was touched, and the cylinder opened, disclosing a linen roll like those of Egypt (though incomparably finer), covered with minute characters which, under the rays of the sun, became intensely blue.

It occurred to one of our number, an enthusiastic archeologist, that this was a memorial of the great Deluge; the man might represent Japheth, the son of Noah, who, according to the Hebrew Scriptures, was the father of seven sons; the woman was his wife and the other female figures his daughters.

Upon this supposition we applied ourselves assiduously and, after the most exhaustive comparison and combination, found that the names of the men correspond with those given in the tenth chapter of Genesis; the mother's name proved to be Aloma, those of the daughters Samoula, Altitia, Apardis, Loamba and Jardel.

The mystery was unraveled, and we found ourselves in possession of the greatest archeological discovery of the twentieth century—an antediluvian memoir, *The Journal of Aloma, wife of the patriarch Japheth!*

Foreseeing the perishable nature of the precious document, travel was suspended,

and the energies of the entire party were devoted to the work of deciphering. Under the supervision of our learned archeologist good progress was made, though, in our haste and ignorance, great freedom of translation was unavoidable, and frequently our insight into obscure passages was scarcely more than conjecture.

It was fortunate that no delay was suffered; the delicate characters rapidly faded in the light; the tissue, hermetically sealed for so many ages, had lost its tenacity; day by day it became disintegrated in the unaccustomed atmosphere, and almost before the last pages were finished it crumbled to powder.

The beautiful but frail casket in which it had been preserved was accidentally shivered and, but for the story which had so marvelously come into our possession, the adventure in the Syrian mountains might have vanished from memory like a dream of the morning.

CHILD OF THE HERMITAGE

*West Bank of the Euphrates,
First Moon—Evening.*

*After Adam,
Four Cycles.*

THIS day completes another year of my life; its events have made me unusually thoughtful.

Immediately after the morning sacrifice Allimades called me to the garden. His countenance, always serious, was even sad as we sat down under our favorite cypress-tree.

“Aloma, my daughter,” he said, “you are no longer a child; maturing years and experience will bring to you, as to every human being, care, perplexity and sorrow. Your brother, who would have been a companion and protector, is dead; I buried him at Balonia. You are alone.

“Shut out from the world in this impenetrable forest, your life will be eventless, occupied by the routine of labor and religious duty; God grant you a tranquil mind.

Fortunately you inherit my fondness for study. Having been carefully instructed in the wisdom of the sages, you will find comfort when your household duties are over, among the manuscripts of ancient lore and relics of other days which I have preserved for this purpose; but lest you should have many restless hours, and sigh for that companionship which you will never find, I earnestly advise you to commence a journal of your life, a record of the circumstances of each day and of your mental experience. This will be a diversion, and vary the monotony of your sequestered life. I have many things to communicate but not on this day, the anniversary of my marriage and of our departure from Balonia, as also of your birth."

With this he rose and retired into the shadow of the grove. His lightest wish is law with me—my wise and pious father—so this evening I took from the library a reed, linen roll, and an amethyst cylinder,

his birthday gifts, and have come to my arbor study to begin the journal. Without doubt it will be a dull affair; fortunately no stranger eye will ever rest upon it.

What have I to record? The mists¹ or fair weather, the quality of the harvest, our success or failure in dyeing and weaving, the increase of the flocks, an occasional alarm from wild beasts. Yet I am always happy; the garden abounds in fruit and flowers; we have many cattle; we ride, pleasant evenings, in a boat upon the river; at other times we listen to stories from father, or to mother's songs. "We" means, besides myself, Cheros and Aldeth, our servants. They came to this place with my parents before I was born, and are now getting aged. Cheros must soon depart. Aldeth is not so old as her husband, and will live, I trust, a long time.

There is but one thing to trouble me: mother is often unhappy and weeps. At

¹ See Appendix, Note 2.

such times father is stern and sad, Aldeth sighs, they chide my youthful gayety, and I am oppressed with gloom.

These moods of my parents are mysterious, connected, I imagine, with the remembrance of their former life, but I have never presumed to question them. Today I accidentally received an intimation confirming this supposition, but still I am perplexed. While tying the vines beneath my mother's window, I heard her say (forgetting perhaps, that I was near)—

“This is Aloma's birthday; how beautiful she is growing!”

I was greatly surprised, but still more so when my father groaned and answered: “Would to God she were deformed! Woman, why art thou made so fair! O fatal, fatal gift of beauty! but for it how lovely and pure thou art! The earth would not now be the theatre of unimaginable sin, nor would Satanas¹ and his wicked peers control

¹ See Appendix, Note 3.

the affairs of men; these deceitful beings¹ would not crush under their feet the hearts and hopes of mankind, nor you my wife, and I, your most unhappy husband, be exiled to this lonely hermitage. And another grief is added to our overburdened hearts: our child, now attaining womanhood, possesses the fatal heritage! Would to God she had died in your arms, as did her young brother."

By this time my mother was sobbing and, frightened by the violence of her grief, I silently withdrew, much agitated.

What can it mean? Why should not men and women be beautiful as the birds and flowers? Are they not all so? Alas! I have seen none but those of my own family.

I once read in an old manuscript of festivals, wars, travels, and marriages; perhaps these are connected with the misery of which my father spoke. I will ask him some day when he is instructing me.

Ha!—a serpent glanced across my feet so

¹ See Appendix, Note 4.

quickly I scarce saw him. He too was beautiful but filled me with terror. Will he seek the dove's nest! I must follow

O, my dear birds! The father and mother are gone; one little white trembler remains alone. But I have taken thee as my special care, pretty dove; the serpent shall do thee no harm. These venomous beasts always come forth in the night; we must leave this place and retire to my chamber where we shall be safe.

No—I will stay, and repeat solemnly, *“God alone is Almighty. Depart, Evil One!”* That will be a protection.

How lovely is the grove in the twilight! The palms wave in the soft wind; the flowers exhale their odors; the insects chirp lazily; the birds are silent; the Euphrates sparkles in the fading light.

The river (now that I think of it) appears unreal tonight, not placid and calm, but agitated, and swelling upward; like a voice it seems to say: “Coming, coming.”

What is coming, old river? Nothing, I suppose, to Aloma who will perchance tread these lonely banks for hundreds of monotonous years.

The power of the name of God hath wrought; the serpent cometh not; but it is growing dark; now must we go within. O glorious golden hours! O smiling yellow moon, which I watch as through a silken veil! O bower and grove and river—dear silent friends, do you not give me joy of another birthday? True, I am no longer a child, yet I love you none the less; with you I am always happy. Good night!

ALLIMADES' STORY

Second Moon—First Day.

A MONTH has passed since I began my journal; nothing has happened worth recording until today when I found an opportunity to question my father. Mother went early with Aldeth to gather grapes for drying, and I had my tasks as usual in the cypress grove. When they were finished, knowing that candor would be most acceptable, I said: "O my father, on my birthday by chance I heard a conversation between yourself and mother, in which you spoke of beauty as a dangerous gift, as being the cause of a dreadful condition of the world, and of your own unhappiness. Would you kindly tell me the meaning of your words?"

An expression of deep pain crossed his features as he replied: "Perhaps the time has now come, my daughter, when it is proper to tell you what must sooner or later cer-

tainly be brought to your knowledge. It is a strange and mournful story in which there is but one light to relieve the deep shadows of sin and sorrow.

“Know, then, Aloma, that after our first parents, Adam and Eve, admitted the Deceiver to their counsels and had been driven from their happy home, sin and death became the unavoidable and dread attendants of human life. But more fatal than all other miseries of the Fall was the power of interference in human affairs which the Tempter had acquired. He constantly used and, from his evil nature, abused this power, slowly gaining possession of the hearts of men, till, grown bold by success, he enticed other Star-spirits¹ from their allegiance to the Almighty, promising to establish them as great princes in the world.

“By some subtle process of which our most learned sages are ignorant, these angels changed themselves into the likeness of men,

¹ See Appendix, Note 5.

grand, strong and beautiful. These majestic beings became enamored with the beauty of women and took to themselves many wives. A race of magnificent but frightfully depraved creatures, giants in intellect and stature, were the products of these unnatural marriages, and they, with despotic cruelty, aided their sires in the subversion of the world. The story of the crimes and abominations which prevailed would be too shocking for your ears. The worshipers of God struggled in vain to stem the tide of diabolical iniquity. Those who resisted the imperious will of these Devas or the Darvands¹ their children, were disabled or put to death.

“Satanas, the most powerful of the incarnate angels, established his court at Balonia, City of the Sun, where the learning and wealth of the world were concentrated. Upon this city he lavished his immense resources. Its glory was past description; its towers, palaces, and battlements glittered

¹ See Appendix, Note 6.

with gold and gems; its pomp and pageantry excelled everything previously known. But while feasting and seraphic music filled the royal saloons, deeds of awful violence made the subterranean vaults to shudder. Yet glory be to the All-Powerful, for the fulfillment of the decrees, Lamech and Alladis, my parents, were preserved, and near this city of supreme glory and guilt I was reared in the ways of righteousness. Being devoted to the acquisition of learning, I was spoken of as 'Allimades, the Sage of Balonia!'

"I had one brother; his name was Noah. I know not if he still lives. He was upright and courageous, and being gifted with extraordinary powers of oratory, he fearlessly denounced the foul living of the Evil Ones, and called upon God for deliverance. How often have I listened with awe, when like a torrent his sublime words were poured out in warning, and have trembled with fear of the Devas' vengeance. But he seemed to bear a charmed life; his hearers were spell-

bound while he was addressing them, and all plots for his assassination failed. I know now that God set a hedge about him.

“Our parents died early and we, with our few servants, were left in the world sole worshipers of the true God. To dispel his grief, my brother journeyed to a distant country in the North and there, high among the dark stony mountains, where bleak winds destroy all but a scanty vegetation, he found a noble family who had retreated thither to escape the wickedness of the world. After many months’ sojourn the oldest daughter was given him in marriage, and he returned to Balonia, bringing with his wife a young girl whose parents had died in that distant land. She was a lovely child, and with advancing years grew into the perfection of womanhood. Her name was Samoula.

“Noah’s heart was comforted, and I still found consolation in studying works of a purer age.

“Soon after this change in our family a

shocking event occurred in the city, which drew from my impetuous brother a violent expression of indignation. Fearing that he might fall a victim to his rashness, notwithstanding his former deliverance, I expostulated with him, but he gave no heed to my caution.

“One evening, after he had with unusual eloquence addressed a great assemblage, I remained upon the mountain and conversed with him till the pale moon rose over the marble city. I spoke of the desperate condition of the world, its entire subversion by the Evil Ones. For myself I feared nothing, my unobtrusive life exempted me from suspicion or attack; but I portrayed his danger, and besought him by the love he bore his young bride and me, his only brother, to be more moderate in his attempts at reformation. I took his hand, and well I remember my closing words:

“‘O my brother, I believe as firmly as yourself that God is more powerful than

Satanas; but what years have rolled away since the giant offspring of these execrable marriages have defiled the earth with unnatural crime! We are powerless, dear brother; God has forgotten the world!

“He was so long silent that I looked up in alarm, for the hand which I held in mine had grown stony cold. In the gathering gloom I saw his face beam with a heavenly radiance. His eyes, dilated by strange emotion, were fixed upon the northern sky; his hand was raised, the whole attitude that of rigid attention, as if he were trying to catch some distant sound. He was evidently unconscious of my presence, and though much alarmed, I dared not disturb him. After remaining in this rapt posture a few moments, he sighed heavily, his hands fell, his head was bowed, and he whispered, ‘Even so, O God most mighty!’

“Presently, turning toward me, he said, without any allusion to our previous discourse, ‘Allimades, thrice the voice has

spoken, and I know that the vision is true. Heard you aught, my brother?" And with awe I answered, 'Nay!' He continued: 'There is tumult in the North, the region of the mighty winds. At first like the tremor of leaves in a breeze, it increases to a gale, it crashes like a tornado; the thunder bellows, the earth quakes, the sea roars, its waters surge and swell, an awful night with blackest tempest enshrouds the world. But, above the crash and convulsion of the elements I hear a Voice, clear and low, though so terrible—it is the voice of God. I know not the words, but the same meaning always is given: "The end of all flesh is come; for the earth is filled with violence through them. Behold, I will destroy them with everything upon the earth. But with thee will I establish My covenant, and will save thee and thy family. Build a boat, wide and commodious; it shall be thy refuge when the floods of water overwhelm the guilty world."

"I am called, my brother, and must do a

prophet's work. Over me the Evil Ones have no power; God hath appointed bounds which they cannot pass. But you are in danger; you must fly, though not alone, lest grief and solitude consume you. Take for your wife the beautiful Samoula, who has long loved you well.'

"I answered: 'This revelation astonishes me; I know that you are indeed a prophet. The hour of doom approaches. God has not forgotten the world. I am agitated and confused; my course does not seem clear, but I will seriously consider your words.'

"As we silently descended the mountain, the hum of the illuminated city came wafted toward us with a new and mournful significance, and, absorbed each in his own thoughts, we sought our quiet home.

"I was married to Samoula, and was happy in her love, but I did not fly. I lingered near Balonia where, in the great repositories, I could so conveniently continue my favorite pursuits. Here your brother was born and

died; his infant form reposes in a cave of the mountain.

"A few years I remained unmolested, for I passed in and out of the city by the most unfrequented streets, and never interfered in its affairs. I completed the copy of many valuable works, particularly those of Seth, and hopefully drifted along the stream of time.

"But upon a certain evening, when Samoula came near the environs of the city to accompany me in the homeward walk, a crowd of Darvands and men followed us, discussing her beauty in a way which aroused my quiet nature to furious wrath. 'Honor to the great serpent!' said one, 'we have found the queen of love.' 'What fair flesh and perfect bloom! My royal father shall have a gift at my hands,' said a towering Darvand. 'Not so fast, my brother,' answered still another giant; 'I have a better plan.'

"Terrified and enraged, I fled as fast as I

could drag the half-fainting Samoula. Darkness was rapidly coming on, and hoping to elude our pursuers, I doubled the narrow path through winding ways; for well I knew if we approached our home directly, fire and steel would in a few moments finish their wicked designs. As the darkness increased, one and another of the men became discouraged and turned back, till the last pursuer disappeared.

“Trembling and exhausted, we reached the dwelling, where, to our surprise, my brother awaited us. With the aid of our servants, he administered to our necessities, and when we were sufficiently restored to look calmly at our perilous position, he spoke. ‘You remember, my brother, the evening of the third vision, when we sat together upon Mount Hermon, I warned you that you must fly. My words were prophetic. Too long have you lingered near Balonia; a few hours only are left for your escape.

“Satanas is already informed of the exceeding beauty of Samoula; for among women there is none so fair. With tomorrow's dawn his emissaries are to begin the search, which, if you remain, will terminate with your death, and the transfer of Samoula to the royal palace. Arise, and depart hence. Haste, look not back till you reach the Hermitage on the banks of the Upper Euphrates, known only to us and our father. There, in the seclusion of the vast forest, you must hide from all eyes save those of the Omniscient.’

“There was no further delay. Our household stores were loaded upon the beasts of burden, Samoula and Aldeth placed upon the camels, and driving a small herd of cattle, we soon passed a defile in the mountain which shut the city forever from our gaze. Here my brother, who had thus far accompanied us on a fleet horse, dismounted, and embracing me, with many tears, bade me a last farewell. ‘We shall meet no more in

this world,' said Noah. 'I see before me a black and yawning gulf, but I have no fear, though the earth be swallowed up and the heavens consumed. We shall meet again in peace. Allimades, thou and I alone are left, worshipers of God; He will not forget us.'

"Then giving me the rein of his fleet steed, he motioned that I should mount and press onward, and from that moment I saw him no more." Here my father paused and gave himself up for a few moments to absorbing melancholy. He then resumed:

"Before dawn we were several leagues from Balonia, but rested not until we had entered the dense forest that skirts for six days' journey the western shore of the upper river. We there refreshed ourselves, and offered the sacrifice of a young heifer.

"Having received the token of acceptance by fire from heaven, consuming the sacrificial offering, we on the following day resumed our journey with more courage, plunging deeper into the forest, and after

four days' journey we reached the Hermitage, which Lamech had prepared in the hour of inspiration.

"Here we lived in safety; our garden has flourished like Eden of old; the flocks and herds have increased; and you, my beloved child, our most precious possession, were sent to cheer the solitude. In calm tranquillity have I passed the rolling years, giving you counsel or instruction, and increasing that treasury of ancient lore hitherto concealed from your innocent eyes, but which you may now peruse with advantage. Therein is contained the record of families and nations, with many a story from the lives of those who have preceded us in this world of hope and fear, of pain and pleasure. You will there also find a description of the great kingdom of Satan (to which God grant you may ever remain a stranger), and of other people and of countries in distant parts of the earth, where safe from the Evil Ones, we might have hoped to dwell,

but for the stern injunctions of the prophet that we must remain concealed; discovery will be fatal.

“I am content, but your mother, now that you are grown and do not require her maternal care, is often unhappy. She feels vaguely the loss of that life in which she is fitted to shine, and where she would have been the admiration of all eyes. I observe her growing uneasiness with extreme anxiety. I know not what it portends. Guard your own heart, and assist me, my dear child, to divert your mother, lest an evil thought should enter her mind.”

THE DISCOVERY

At this moment my mother appeared coming down the avenue. She was flushed with labor, and as she slowly moved forward I, for the first time, realized her exceeding loveliness. She was now in the full maturity of her charms, and of perfectly developed proportions. Her large blue eyes drooped

with a sad expression; her features were of faultless symmetry; her bosom, shoulders, and arms beautifully rounded; and her color faint and delicate as that of the shells we sometimes find in the drift of the river; but the crowning glory of her stately figure was the wonderful hair. It was of a light golden color, and if extended to its full length, swept to her feet, and enwrapped her form. It hung in heavy waves, curling at the ends, and when for convenience she coiled it at the back of her head, it fell from her shoulders like the plumes of a bird.

How graceful was her step, how firm and free! My father, with admiration and love in his eyes, arose and led her to a seat by his side. "How fares the grape-harvest, Samoula?" said he. "My lord," she replied, "the light shone into the vineyard too warmly and I left the place to be sheltered by your side." Allimades turned inquiringly, for there was more in her words than met the ear. He was about to give utterance to

some thought that oppressed him when a sudden flash and illumination which dazzled us and took our breath, checked his reply.

Glancing upward, we beheld directly overhead, in an opening between the cypress-tops, some object passing swiftly, and heard a peculiar sound of exultation ring out above the forest. I looked at my father in amazed inquiry. His face was ashy pale; he trembled, and fixed an earnest gaze upon the canopy above. Breathless, he cried, "The Devas!" and then, with terror depicted in every lineament, drew us within his arms and hurried toward our home, round which interwoven boughs of gigantic trees and vines had formed a perfect screen. To the innermost chamber of this secluded dwelling we retreated, and making secure every avenue of approach, my father went out to confer with Cheros. After many hours he returned, looking pale and fatigued, but spoke with composure:

"From the earliest generation it has been

considered a sacred duty that every human being should, once during life, make a pilgrimage to the site of ancient Eden, and in that place of saddest memory offer prayer and sacrifice. I fear I have incurred the displeasure of the Almighty by deferring this rite. Therefore, Samoula, do thou with the help of Aldeth and Aloma, prepare necessary food, also awnings to screen us from the heat of the day and the mists of night. Cheros and I will make ready the boat, and at daybreak tomorrow we will go forth upon the pilgrimage."

The unusual excitement in our household and the anticipation of a journey make me almost wild with joy. I can scarce compose myself to write; but I must finish the journal, there will be so much to record after my return. Four days of travel through a strange country, the wonders of ruined Eden, perhaps the sight of human beings, ourselves unseen of them. Why should the others look serious? There comes a presen-

timent of change. The serpent crossed my feet—a bad omen. The river whispers, “Danger is coming!” I must beware.

CHANGE

Second Moon.

O TIME of grief and loss! O days and nights of woe! O dumb and lifeless hours! Is this the happy valley where my youth was passed? I seem aged now. The cypresses are black like funeral yews; their shade is darkness, and yet the light of day is hateful to my eyes, dim with weeping. O that I could find the grave! My mother mourns, but not with deep sorrow. In her soft eyes is no retrospective glance, but a gentle light like coming day.

How shall I recover the broken thread of my story? How make up the calendar of sorrow marked by the dial as ten suns only, but weighted with the woe of years? Yet this journal, lightly begun at the suggestion of my beloved father, must be continued as a sacred duty.

As we stepped upon the boat made ready

to receive us, Father and Cheros, with long poles, pushed from the shore and aided the wide-spread sail that propelled us slowly along. The great branch of the Euphrates which we were ascending, though now deserted and lonely, in far-gone years was lively with the boats of pilgrims to Eden, and heavy vessels bearing the products of other lands to the great cities on its shore; but the Wicked Ones who control the affairs of the world have desolated this plain, striving to obliterate from the memory of mankind every reminiscence of the lost Paradise!

I was too much occupied with the unaccustomed scene to find room for mournful thoughts. Only when my eyes fell upon the snow-white lamb resting by the green herbs provided for his food, and I observed the grave faces of my parents, did I remember the strange event of yesterday and realize the serious object of our journey. As the hours of this delightful day drew to a close, and the declining sun veiled in mist warned

us of the necessity for repose, Father and Cheros warped the boat into a shady cove, and made it fast for the night. We lingered long over supper, spread upon the deck of our little vessel, and when it was finished, tired with the day's journey, I lay down and fell asleep listening to the voices of my parents as they chanted the evening orison.

Before our boat was unmoored in the morning we went ashore to view the ruins of an ancient city, once famous for its magnificence and learning, now only a mound of ashes overgrown with a straggling forest. Seth, the founder of this city, was a great sage, the inventor of the characters used in writing. He caused two wonderful pillars to be erected upon which was inscribed the history of the world. These previous memorials of better days were destroyed by order of the Devas, but not until scribes of our family had copied some portions of the writings.

The scene grew wilder and more drear

after we resumed our journey; the banks were tangled with luxuriant shrubs and vines; birds of brilliant plumage flitted among the trees; bright lizards and spotted serpents darted in and out or lay coiled around their trunks.

When night came on and the journey drew to a close the river became narrower and tall trees, arching over our heads, made the way solemn and gloomy. We grew depressed and conversation died. As the red sun, like a subdued fire, sank out of sight behind the great forest, we approached a rock which rose in the middle of the river.

“Here,” said my father, “our journey terminates. Upon this rock, which parts the stream as it issued out of the Garden, once stood the vigilant angelic guard with sword of flame. Alas! the way of access to the Tree of Life was completely closed to a wicked world; but man will yet eat of its life-giving leaves in the Garden of God¹ which is to be

¹ See Appendix, Note 7.

restored in the distant future, when God's time shall have come.

"The cherub, though no longer visible, still continues to fulfill the high behests of the Eternal! Just beyond this frowning warder lies the gateway of a ruined Paradise. None dare attempt now to force an entrance, or to seek in its pure air the lost joys of innocence.

"Here we must offer our sacrifice, the last which will ever ascend from this place. I feel a melancholy pleasure in the thought. The future is dark to my vision; beyond to-morrow's light stretches an impenetrable veil; the hand of God has lowered it and I have no fear."

My father's voice grew unreal, a far-off look came into his eyes; a sigh, such as had become habitual with him, heaved his bosom; unconscious of our presence, he whispered:

"Ah, my brother, does not the hour draw near?"

THE FORSAKEN EDEN

At early dawn we were astir with preparation for the solemn rite. Upon the rock was built an altar; the offerings were placed thereon. As I climbed the pathway to cover the sacrifice with lilies gathered at the water's edge, the scene beyond filled me with astonishment.

A vast expanse lay stretched before us, bounded by mountains, rosy and purple in the morning light. Born in these far-off heights, fed by springs and rills, four great rivers, widening as they advanced, rolled through a broad extended plain. Here were calm lakes and valleys, and the verdure of meadow and grove. But no flocks reposed upon the grassy banks, nor cattle browsed the rank savannas, nor lion lifted his voice in the dark glen. No harvester reaped the nodding corn, or loaded with purple grapes the creaking wain. The crimson apples lay in heaps, the nuts dropped noiselessly on the

sod, the empty stubble rustled in the wind, the untouched orange and fig, decaying on the ground, went back into the parent stem to bloom again and again in vernal beauty.

Sound there was none, but sighing of the winds as they swept mournfully across the lonely Eden; no motion save that of light and shadow flitting over tenantless plains. Silence and solitude forever brooded there. A belt of funeral yews, under-grown with a thicket of brush-thorns, hedged in this land of supernal but desolate beauty. Directly in front of the Warder's Rock was a narrow opening bounded by two ancient yews of magnificent proportions; between these trees had sprung up a gigantic vine, whose wide-spread branches, twined and interwoven, made a vast impenetrable screen, closing the gate-way of the Garden of the Lord. The tangles of this deadly vine had formed themselves into spectral characters, which, facing outward, perennially renewed the inscription—

"SIN, DESPAIR, DEATH"

Through a mist of tears the last look of mortal eyes was now bestowed upon the forsaken beauty of the Lost Paradise.

OMENS

Turning toward the altar, my father lifted his voice in solemn confession and prayer. We then removed to the boat, and waited at a distance, repeating in the usual form of our oblation:

"Accept, most Holy God, the offering of thy sinful but repentant creatures, and give the gracious token by fire."

A moment of breathless suspense, and the answer came—but in a manner which filled us with terror. A fearful rumbling like subterranean thunder was heard; the earth shuddered; the rock heaved and with a loud explosion burst asunder. Fierce flames and sulphurous vapors rushed upward from a yawning chasm, and downward from the

heavens, swallowing the altar of sacrifice and the very rock upon which we had been standing a moment before. The waters of the river bubbled, hissed, and then fell back to the old channel, our boat surged and tossed in the terrible convulsion, and the pallor of fear overspread our faces.

We turned with anxious inquiry toward father. Upon his countenance, pale as our own, was no sign of doubt or alarm. His hands were folded upon his breast, his head was bowed in resignation, and he sighed, "I accept the decree. The will of the Most High be done." Then, without further words, we hastened away from the scene of dire portent.

ALOMA RECEIVES THE GIFT OF PROPHECY

The current was now in our favor; we shot rapidly down the river, the veiled sun rode high in the heaven, and when, for the third time since our departure from home, it sank

behind the western forest, we drew into the quiet cove where we had first landed. Tranquillity was in some measure restored as distance increased between ourselves and the appalling scenes of the morning, yet was the evening benediction of Allimades unusually earnest. Fatigued by the unwonted adventures of the day, all of the party, except myself, were soon wrapped in deep slumber. Cheros and Aldeth rested quietly under a palm-tree on shore, my parents reclined upon a platform raised under the tent-screen, and I lay upon a mat at their feet. The air was serene and I tranquilly rested, listening to the only sound that varied the intensity of silence—the ripple of the river as it lightly flowed past our boat.

Forgotten by the world, far from any human habitation, in the midst of a great wilderness, shrouded by the shadows of night, what cause was there for apprehension? Yet some unwonted agitation—a fear, or rather an expectation—rendered me for a

long time wakeful, and I repeated again and again these words: "Enlighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death." Presently my thoughts became confused, and I passed into the land of forgetfulness. Did any shadow of coming evil flit across my dreams? Alas! it was the final hour of childhood, the last untroubled slumber which would seal my eyes; for before morning dawned, an event occurred which dispelled all careless fantasy, and changed forever the color and current of my existence.

I slept I know not how long, when I was startled by a flash of light, and perceived, although the moon had set, that the air was illumined by such an extraordinary brilliance that my eyes involuntarily closed again. How can I relate what followed, incredible even to myself, but which I know is only too real? I was powerless to move, and my eyes were certainly closed; but by some new and strange sight, I perceived standing directly behind me two majestic beings, in form and

lineament like men, though far more stately and beautiful, but whose faces filled me with dismay.

Upon each royal brow gleamed a star luminous as their eyes, and the trailing garments were of a shape and texture I had never before seen. From the taller and grander of these figures emanated the lightning flash which had awakened me. The look of admiration he fixed upon my mother, whose transcendent beauty reflected the unnatural light, was almost as dreadful as the scowl that alternated upon his features when he turned toward my father. I was certain that they were Devas, the incarnate celestials of whose existence I had recently become aware. He who was tall and bright at length spoke in words I had never before heard, but which, by some new perception of sound, I well understood.

"More beautiful than Eve, and as true to her lord. The man must die. Prince of the West, send forth your baneful fire." The

dark Deva raised his hand, and from the extended finger a slender shaft of light like a pale starbeam shot forward and quivered over my father's heart. The bright being spoke again: "Smite the girl also, Hesperus." "Not so, my Lord Satanas," said Hesperus, surveying me attentively; "this is no common maiden. Seest thou not her nature?"

"Unlike all others," exclaimed Satanas, "clear and strong, perhaps dangerous. She must die!" "My lord," responded Hesperus, "I have done you some service; I have hitherto asked no favor, but now I would save this maiden," hesitating a moment—"for myself."

"The Star of Evening would be reflected in beautiful eyes at last," said Satanas, turning upon him a smile of surprise and triumph.

I shivered, but there was no motion; I groaned, but I heard not my own voice. I lay as in the deepest swoon till the morning sun shone upon our little boat and a shriek

from Samoula aroused me. She was trying to raise my father, and loudly entreating him to speak. Our old servants awoke and came hurriedly forward, but all help was in vain. Allimades was dead.

In our distress and confusion we knew not what to do; our piteous cries rent the air. At that moment two grand looking persons came to the water's edge and kindly proffered their assistance. They seemed to be men; but by the newly acquired sense I knew that the name of one was Satanás and of the other Hesperus. Samoula, too much distracted to observe my whispered caution, willingly yielded to their seeming kindness; the body of Allimades was covered with a sail-cloth, and we floated homeward, hurried along by the current of the stream. Our new acquaintances told my mother that her husband had died of a sudden and fatal disease peculiar to that locality; it was a miracle we were not all dead; she must submit to the inevitable; they would convey us to our

home and render all the aid and consolation in their power.

After a few melancholy hours we reached the Hermitage and moored the boat at the foot of the cypress avenue. I was filled with indignant grief when he, called Satanás, with tender assiduity, aided my mother and devoted himself to her care, while the wicked Hesperus conveyed the body of his murdered victim to a closely screened bower in a remote part of the garden. Here Cheros felled the tall trees, and despite my protestations and his own grief, covered the dead father and the living arbor, deep, deep, beneath the heavy cypresses, shut out from the sunlight and my loving eyes forever.

I fled to my little room, and now, hidden within it, as the shadows of night come on, how gladly would I lie down and wake no more! Oh! is not this a dream, a delusion? But yesterday my father looked on me so kindly; his voice was sweet as he gave wise counsel or related stories of the olden time.

His hand was strong and warm as he aided my weak attempts to climb the rock of sacrifice. Now his eyes are without light, his face is stony; he answers not when I implore him; his cold hands lie motionless, though the trees weigh heavily upon his breast; he regards not my mother as she sits weeping by the side of the haughty Satanas.

O strange, inexplicable Death! I walk as in a dream. Stay, sweet vision, thy words I do not comprehend. I catch the gleam—

Alas! my life is changed; and yet the moon rises as of old; the winds play idly with the cypress branches, all unconscious or careless of the fearful mystery in the arbor; and the voice of the river, as in the days gone by, breathes through the soft night air the same strange words: "Coming, coming, coming!"

DISASTER

Seven days have passed since last I wrote, bringing other alarming events. I once

longed for change and adventure. God forgive my childish folly!

I left my chamber on the morning after the dreadful day, with heavy heart and a vague sense of disquiet and danger; my mother came forward, embraced me with much affection, and for a few moments we wept in each other's arms. Sensible of a flash of light across my tired eyes, I raised them and saw the Lord Satanas, magnificent and haughty, standing near with a look of impatience, as if the scene displeased him; the Devas had not left the Hermitage. Not wishing to intrude our grief upon strangers, I hastily withdrew to the arbor study, hoping to remain unobserved; but the dark Hesperus followed me, saying—

“Aloma, I rejoice to behold your beauty, yet your eyes are dim with weeping. Let not grief overpower you; time will soothe this sorrow and the days again be bright.” These words shocked and pained me, and when he extended to me his hand—the hand that had

slain my father—I recoiled with sudden horror. “Forgive,” he said in deprecating tones; “I cannot pardon myself if I frighten or offend you. Farewell!”

Satanas was preparing to depart. Taking the hand of my mother, Samoula, as she acknowledged her obligation for his kindness, the proud Lord replied: “We would lightly esteem all service rendered to one so unhappy and so fair. Command us ever.” The look which accompanied these words was bold and ardent, but her eyes downcast comprehended not the meaning.

After our new acquaintances left us, with the sense of relief came also that of desolation. Death has extinguished the light of our household; the desire of our eyes is taken; we are left alone in an almost impenetrable forest; our servants are aged; a doubtful future is before us. Yet miserable as solitude must be, an introduction to the great world is far more to be dreaded. I often discuss our prospects with my mother,

but her natural reticence is increased by misfortune, and I seldom obtain a confidential response.

Aldeth shares my dismal forebodings. One day, soon after the departure of the Devas, she led me to the grape-arbor and thus addressed me: "Aloma, I am alarmed for Cheros. Since the death of your father he is greatly changed. He scarcely eats or sleeps; his life seems departing. He says naught but, 'Alas, my master! O my God!' He is old now; I fear he will die; and I have still more terrible fears.

"Our strange visitors, I love them not. It is many years since we left Balonia, and since I saw the transformed sons of God. But, dear child, I fear that the beings who have found the Hermitage are not men. Your mother, fairest of women, was concealed from the eyes of the Devas in this wilderness; she has been discovered, and we are safe no longer."

She clasped me in her aged arms, and ex-

claimed with deep emotion—"And you, poor child, are like your mother. God save you!" To which I devoutly added—"Save me from sin, O God!"

Third Moon.

The time has passed heavily; we bleached and prepared for spinning the store of flax, gathered the hemp, clipped the hair of the camels and wool of the sheep to make fabrics, and many an hour I spent in learning from my patient mother the art of dyeing thread, and weaving the fine linen of which our garments are fashioned. The monotony of the dreary days was relieved by light labor in the garden, drying grapes, dates, and sweet herbs. We conversed little, except upon the subjects of our daily occupations.

Our life went on in a dull, eventless round, till yesterday at mid-sun when Aldeth rushed into our apartments, exclaiming: "Cheros has disappeared. He was gathering dates

upon the river bank, when a sudden flash of light and a loud rolling sound burst from the calm sky! I saw him fall, and flew to his assistance; the camels and kine in great affright were running around the place where he had fallen, but him I found not. O my mistress! O my child! Where is he, where is my husband?"

We went forth in haste to the river. A half-filled basket was standing under the date tree; the cattle bellowed, and with heads erect looked down the stream. Upon its hurrying waters we perceived the mantle of our good old servant floating out of sight. Then we lifted up our voices and wept, threw dust upon our heads, and in grief and despair sat upon the earth, while the dew and darkness fell around us.

WOOING OF THE STAR-SPIRITS

As day began to dawn, a boat was seen coming down the stream, and from the un-

usual light that pervaded the water, and a sudden illumination as it neared the shore, I recognized with a sinking heart the presence of the Star-spirits.

Perceiving our group, the boat drew to the landing. Two well-remembered forms advanced to the spot where we were sitting, and Lord Satanás spoke thus: "Passing this shore upon a hasty affair of state, we were reminded of our last sorrowful visit, and turned aside to enquire how fares the lovely Samoula." Then surveying the group earnestly, with hypocritical surprise, he exclaimed: "Ah! what new calamity has befallen thee, most beautiful of women? Why is that glorious head defiled with ashes, which should be crowned with flowers, nay, with a royal diadem?"

"Alas, my lord," Samoula answered, "Cheros is dead! The decrees of fate are against us." "O fairest of earth's daughters," said he, extending his hands to aid her, "even fate relents in the presence of thy

tears. Thou shalt be protected. Arise; forget thy sorrow while we take counsel with regard to the future."

I had no time to remonstrate, for Hesperus immediately addressed me: "And thou wilt need a friend, Aloma. Turn not away, but consider my words. Samoula will depart with Satanas; if thou remain alone in this wilderness, death will soon ensue and thy fair form become a prey to savage beasts. Remove to Balonia, and greater danger threatens. But if I may claim the sacred right of protection, safety and happiness are assured. Aloma, thou hast power never before conferred upon mortal maid; thou art inspired by ambition lofty as that which animates my own spirit. Thou wert born to be an angel's bride. Become the partner of Hesperus, share in his glory, and the unimaginable fervor of an angel's passion will enkindle thy human soul. Love and honor shall be thine, such as woman has never known; the treasures of earth will be laid at

thy feet; a princess shalt thou reign in my kingdom and in my heart.

“But lest the breath of a wicked world should dim the lustre of my precious pearl, I have prepared a paradise in the far West, remote from the haunts of men. No evil can encroach upon its joy, nor Deva’s glance intrude upon its privacy. Above is the benignant sky, and in cool recesses flowers distill perfume; doves nestle in overhanging boughs; in the fountain white swans sail; and on the margin lilies nod. Thither shall Aloma retire if the grandeur of royalty becomes oppressive.”

Then my soul became enlarged, and I replied: “O Hesperus! though I am a weak and ignorant maiden, humblest of the daughters of men, by some power I can neither explain to another or myself, I know that thou art a Star-spirit, made for purity and glory, but now only less wicked than yon proud being who walks by my mother’s side. I know that a crisis impends in the affairs of

earth, a pall hangs over the kingdom of the Devas; the day of reckoning draws nigh, and all who are found at that dread moment in the service of Satan as will sink to darkness and despair. I am permitted to warn you; more than that I cannot do. Be your bride? Share your power and glory? Sooner would I die by lingering starvation; sooner would I give my body to wild beasts or devouring flames. I fear naught but my eternal death¹ which would mean eternal oblivion. Ambitious? In that thou saidst truly, but my ambitions rise beyond the present bounds of sense!"

I was astonished at my own earnestness, and hid my blushing face; but marvelously sustained, I walked away from Hesperus, who, overcome by the conflict of disappointed passions, became deadly pale and remained motionless. The Devas soon left us. I do not know what passed between Satan as and my mother. She was thoughtful and

¹ See Appendix, Note 8.

restless, but spoke not, and upon myself filial awe imposed reluctant silence. An impassable barrier seemed to have arisen between us; confidence was at an end.

* * * *

From this time on various afflictions assailed us. Many of our cattle died; trees were set on fire; the date-bearing palms were thrown down; the river rose and flooded the garden; destruction raged over the Hermitage. Our food and garments became mildewed; we drew near the gates of death. I could not but connect these misfortunes with the power of the Devas, who I knew were malignant, as they were grand and beautiful.

One memorable evening, after a day of gloom and disaster, a sudden light pervaded the scene—a peculiar brilliance which I but too well understood. Like the scintillation of stars, Satanas and Hesperus appeared before us; their voices were sweet and their words gentle. Following them was a troop of strange looking beings, men of low fore-

heads, beardless, giants¹ in stature, and of great strength. I instinctively recognized them as the Darvands, the sons of the Devas. They bore upon their backs large bundles wrapped in oilskins. Carefully unrolling these, they knelt and placed at my mother's feet baskets of fruit, meats, unlike any we had hitherto known. Some of the packages contained beautiful fabrics, shawls and girdles rich with embroidery, and most ravishing to my unaccustomed eyes—jewels of crystal and gold.

But curious admiration was checked when I discovered upon every package a uniform mark, in shape of a winged serpent. I looked at the bearers of the treasures. Upon the breast of the tunics they wore, and upon the band which crossed their foreheads, was the same emblem. I knew the deadly meaning of the seal. It was the form in which the Tempter appeared to our mother Eve, and I fled to my own apartment in great alarm.

¹ See Appendix, Note 9.

Here, in the quiet of my room, the anxious tumult in my breast was soon calmed. All nature seemed to bend over me with a smile and benediction as I looked out from my window upon the calm earth and sky. I was alone, indeed, without human companionship, but I recalled the omnipotence of the God of my father and feeling certain of his continued protection, the feeling of loneliness departed.

A light step at the door interrupted my meditation, and Samoula entered the chamber. "The banquet is prepared. Will you not join us, Aloma?" The question did not harmonize with my mood, and I answered, perhaps too briefly, "No, my mother."

"Our life is so sad and dull, will you not aid to brighten it?"

"I cannot, my mother."

"The Lord Satanas honors you with an invitation. Will you not accept it? Hesperus inquires for you, and anxiously awaits your coming. Will you not see him?"

Then I fell upon my knees and clasped Samoula's hand. "Dear mother," I exclaimed, "God has enlightened my mind, therefore permit me to speak. Satan and Hesperus are treacherous friends. They have destroyed Allimades and Cheros, and can easily take our lives. But over our eternal destiny they have no power, except as it is conferred by our own will. Resist these wicked demons and they are powerless. For their wicked purpose the Devas desire possession both of the mind and of the body. Therefore they condescend to temporize, to persuade, to allure. O mother, do not yield, lest you embrace death!"

"Aloma," she answered soothingly, "you are a child, utterly without knowledge of the world. Your judgment is immature; a timid fancy has misled you. In this wilderness death is indeed inevitable. In Balonia, my early home, whither my heart has ever turned, we shall find, under the protection of its powerful lord, not only life, but happiness.

Lay aside these unseasonable fears, and come with me to the banquet."

Again I answered—could I say aught else? —"Nay, my mother."

With a sigh Samoula retired; and when I had partaken of the simple food Aldeth brought for my repast, I commended myself to God, and afterward slept in peace, though at intervals during the night I was awakened by unusual noises in the forest—the crash of falling trees and the sound of mechanical implements.

My first consciousness in the morning was self-reproach that I had left my mother and Aldeth so long alone with our dangerous guests. Robed more closely than usual, with a fold of linen over my head, I opened the door of my room, and saw at the farther extremity of the avenue the majestic form of Satan standing before Samoula, who sat with her face averted from his gaze.

As I slowly walked toward them, I observed, more perfectly than ever, the mag-

nificent proportions of the Deva—the massive head crowned with golden curls, the powerful shoulders and shapely limbs, the grace and harmony of every motion, the strength and elasticity of the figure, scarcely concealed by folds of a cerulean robe thickly set with silver stars.

Did my eyes deceive me? Upon his shoulders appeared something like transparent wings, which vanished into the flowing drapery. Verily this was a son of God—he who had once been a Light-bearer, a son of the morning of creation! With quickened sense I could distinguish every word. “Let me persuade you,” he was saying, “I have now held possession of the earth for many cycles, and am still unconquered, yea, stronger and more secure than of old; for Heaven abandons the strife. Satan as will reign in perennial manhood forever, but not alone. Power for his strong hand, love for his heart, he desires. Among all of mortal mould, never, until the happy hour in which

your matchless form enchained my eyes, have I met my peer. Samoula must never die,¹ rendered immortal by our great love. The equal and companion of Satan, she must reign through the rolling ages, queen of the earth and Bride of the Sun!"

Taking from a fold in his garment a jewelled bracelet, he clasped it upon her arm, saying, "By this token the compact is sealed." I saw the band of flashing gems, bright like coals of fire, and where it closed together were two entwined serpents. In terrified expostulation I cried out—"Beware, O my mother!" Satan turned sharply, and bestowed upon me such a look of displeasure as almost deprived me of strength. I stepped suddenly backward, and found myself in the arms of Hesperus. The tender firmness of the embrace was irresistible. A thrill responsive shot through my frame; an impulse to return the pressure almost overpowered me; but at that perilous moment I

¹ See Appendix, Note 10.

caught the scornful smile of Satan as he retreated with Samoula my mother, and I cried out—"Help me, God Almighty!"

At that word the clasping arms relaxed, the magnetic chain was dissolved. With one bound I was free, and stood confronting Hesperus. He was robed in trailing garments of royal purple, a band of gold encircled his head, where rested a pale star, and, glowing with emotion, he was as beautiful as Satan.

My face flushed with indignation and fright, yet, though repulsed, the Deity said with patient earnestness: "Listen, Aloma. I speak to you in confidence, for you are no less discreet than fair. Satan has had many wives, and to all, as to Samoula, he promised immortality. But when wearied of his queen, he subtly persuades her, and the victim retires at the solicitation of her sated lord, drinks of the amaranthine cup, and dies by a petrifying poison!

"Fear nothing," he added, seeing me shud-

der; "together we will defeat his artifice. His counselor possesses the antidote for his deadly narcotic, and can aid you to save Samoula from the fate of her predecessors. But I have more to say, Aloma. Unlike Satan, Hesperus has no roving desire. Ambition alone, not pleasure, called him from the service of the Eternal. I would have power and reign a great prince. I will be the peer of Satan, nay, his dictator. I would reign in solitary grandeur, and yet—only the One Supreme is self-contained, and dwells in awful solitude.

"Sometimes I long for another self to share my bounteous life, upon whose heart my own may rest in times of trouble and weariness. The women of this world have I found weak and base. I turned from them in disgust until mine eyes met thine, O thou most regal maid! Our companions in Heaven we loved without desire; but thou, warm, palpitating child of earth, art fair to me as forms that flit across the plains of Heaven, and as true.

Thou art mine other self, O strongest soul, completest womanhood! Love for thee now fills my heart, transforms my being. I would hold thee forever and forever, brightest jewel in my crown, rarest bliss in earth or Heaven. Hesperus, the passionless, bows to one of mortal mould. Accept his adoration, make him happier, exalt him with thy love, my queen, Aloma!"

With a look of infinite yearning he extended his arms. I was attracted, as is steel by the magnet. My brain grew dizzy, my sight indistinct, the pleading voice became a confused sound. Then memory whispered Allimades' name, reason conquered feeling, and I replied: "Hesperus, not even the safety of my mother shall tempt me. Sin is more dreadful than death, holiness is more to be desired than glory. I am inspired with wisdom and strength beyond my own comprehension; I know that you fell from holiness when you renounced the service of the Lord of Heaven. Still lower are you debased

this day. You ask my love. The gift would be fatal, the union accursed. So far, you may be restored. If I yield to your persuasion, we shall sink into everlasting perdition."

I then drew forth a small dagger, which since the visit of the Star-spirits I had always carried, and I spoke again: "I know not what moves me. I love you not, O Hesperus, yet would I plunge this weapon into my own heart to save you from the sin of my embrace." I held the point of the dagger firmly upon my bosom, and Hesperus, after gazing upon me in astonishment, silently withdrew.

Not in vain, O Allimades, did the memory of thy warning come to thy child! Not in vain did thy heart in years ago grow dull beneath the deadly blight! And yet—the thread of my fate is twined with that of Hesperus.

GREATER CHANGE

Balonia.

Palace of Light, North Tower.

Fourth Moon.

O INCREDIBLE mutation of human affairs! One month ago I was an orphan child, laboring unknown and uncared for in a lonely forest. Now I am the daughter of a queen, in a marble palace, attended by slaves, looking out from the midst of sumptuous appointments upon the splendors of the richest city in the world. Day is just breaking—the hour when we were wont to commence our daily toil, that we might rest through the hot and drowsy hour of noon-tide. But here night is turned into day, and in the glare of ten thousand lamps feasting and revelry fill up the passing hours. I have just returned from such a scene; but before sleep seals mine eyes I must record the events of the last few fateful days.

After Hesperus left me in the cypress-grove, I turned away and wandered alone

upon the bank of the river. It still hurried on, repeating the old sound of agitation and unrest. The whole air was filled with uneasiness. The winds rushed wildly around, the leaves bristled on the trees. A flutter and a stir, then Aldeth's voice calling from the avenue, "Come, Aloma, my child!"

As we drew near the dwelling a bewildering scene met my eye. It was so like the picture in an ancient manuscript I had just finished reading ("The History of King Irad," most famous monarch of the Land of Nod) that I could scarce persuade myself that this was not a dream. Objects I had never seen before were easily recognized, and I gave them their appropriate names. How wonderful did everything appear to my uninitiated vision, revealed in the morning light!

Before the entrance of our dwelling stood a huge golden chariot, lined, cushioned, and canopied with a soft, shining fabric of palest hue. Yoked to the royal car were six white elephants, with harness and trappings of

scarlet and gold. Mounted upon the back of each huge beast was a Darvand, robed in scarlet and holding a guiding wand in his hand. In front and rear were seen a band of similar gigantic men, clad also in scarlet, with black plumes upon their heads, and marshalled in battle array. These I knew must be another detachment of those terrible beings, of whom my father had spoken—Darvands, the offspring of angels and women. Strong and powerful were they, but the expression of their faces made me recoil, and even fly for protection to the side of Satanás and Hesperus, between whom Samoula stood, never so lovely and radiant as at this moment. Depending from her head and enveloping her perfect figure was a transparent veil, through which gleamed a white robe—alas! not of linen, but of a texture similar to the blue and silver garment of the lord Satanás, who stood haughty and impatient while he waited my coming.

“Aloma,” said my mother in deprecating

tones, "wilt thou not go with us?" Trembling with consternation, but strong in courage not my own, I replied: "Our garden is overflowed, our date-trees are destroyed, our camels and kine have perished, my father and Cheros are dead. I can but go with you. God save me from sin!"

At the last words a hiss arose from the giants and a scowl overspread the features of Satanas. His hand grasped the hilt of his sword, but Hesperus stepped quickly to the front, and raising his hand significantly, said—"My lord, the maiden is mine."

"Give me one moment to prepare," I cried, "and I will accompany you."

I hastened to the study, and with the assistance of Aldeth placed in a basket the manuscripts and writing materials of Allimades, and the amethyst cylinder presented by him on my last birthday. I covered all with a web of fine linen, and gave it in charge of one of the giant servants.

For one instant I yielded to the sharp pang

of separation. "Farewell to the happy past," I cried, "farewell to the home of my heart, to forest, bower, and river, and to my father's grave—a sad farewell!"

Then I returned to the waiting group. Satanás and Samoula were already seated in the chariot. Aldeth and myself were directed to occupy an apartment on one side of the car. Hesperus took a place opposite and obedient to a command from Satanás, the gorgeous cavalcade moved forward without the slightest obstruction. This was indeed a marvel, for we were in the depths of a tangled forest. I now perceived what had caused the unusual noises of the night before. The trees had been felled and a broad highway constructed. Over this we passed swiftly without jar or sound.

The Darvands were arranged with precision in advance and rear, but none were permitted to approach the chariot. Silent and sullen, they ran with measured tread, subdued by fear of the royal displeasure. For

some hours the scenery and surroundings were familiar: dense forest, over arching trees, and blossoms like those of the Hermitage. Presently we emerged into a vast plain, where no trees obstructed the light along our pathway. At a distance were cities glimmering in the light. In the near corn-fields and vineyards laborers toiled at their tasks and looked up with stealthy glance as our train passed by.

Night was now approaching. The journey which had occupied Allimades four days had been performed by the fleet elephants in a few hours. We were drawing near Balonia. During our progress the voices of Satanas and Samoula were often heard in earnest conversation, but with sense absorbed in our new changeful surroundings, and preoccupied with conjecture as to an inscrutable future, I gave little heed to their discourse.

As I seriously meditated my mind became enlightened and many doubtful matters were

made plain. When the dull pressure of sense is gone, how clear the vision! Troops fill the sky, and spectres walk the earth, voices are on the breeze, all nature speaks. But, gloomy or glory, accents loud or low, the faithful need have no fear.

I heard a voice, as it were the breath of the wind, saying, "Fear not, little one, the Devas cannot compel the resolute righteous human. Thou hast set thy face to do the will of the Most High; be thou faithful unto the end. The time is at hand."

Then was brought to mind the marvelous deliverance of my father's brother, Noah; also how the strength of Hesperus had become weakness; and I prayed earnestly: "God of the Prophet, be Thou my defense!"

BALONIA

As the light of the setting sun grew dimmer and the landscape began to fade, we passed the gorge in Mount Hermon where

Allimades had parted from his brother the Prophet, and I beheld with the fresh delight of a child of the wilderness, the magnificent city and valley of Balonia, seat of the empire of Satanas.

Its marble towers and palaces glittered with gold; statues and fountains gleamed white among fern-palms, spice-groves, and gardens, where falling waters sparkled even in the fading light. Along its paved streets, throngs of people and carriages were moving, and a confused hum mingled with the fragrance ascending from grove and garden. Through the midst of the city flowed a broad river, and upon its bosom boats with silken sails were gliding, while myriads of unseen bells, fitfully shaken by the evening breeze, filled the air with sounds more musical and soothing than can be described.

Upon the mountain top was a lofty building from which all the surrounding country could be overlooked. This, I afterward learned, is called the Tower of Satanas, the

place where the great monarch watches the motion of the stars, or holds consultation with his angelic confederates. At the right of this imposing edifice stood another, vastly larger and more wonderful, the glorious Palace of Light. It was built upon massive arches of stone, in shape like a star, thus enclosing a great court. Upon the long lines of wall, which formed the star-points, rose marble structures, miracles of beauty. Toward the sunrise and sunset, and to the north and south, four lofty towers overlaid with gold aspired to reach the skies. Upon the highest of these a tall shaft was erected, and around it was entwined the monstrous image of a winged serpent. As the breeze struck its pinions, it writhed around the standard, and the scales of green and the fiery eyes glittered like those of living creatures.

Below the tower of Satan was a fair lake wherein were floating gardens of exceeding beauty. "That place," said Aldeth with a

shudder, "I well remember; it is the Lake of Sacrifice."

And now, as the royal train entered an avenue of spice-trees leading to the city, Satanas checked our advance and dismissed the Darvands, whose superhuman strength had, during the day, kept pace with the swift elephants.

To avoid their bold gaze, I turned toward the mountain, and saw upon the declivity a group which at once attracted my attention. In advance was a dignified man and three younger persons, who were directing the removal of timber which had been cut from the dense groves far in the heights. The halting of the chariot gave us an opportunity to observe this party more closely.

The eldest person, evidently the father, was of a handsome, grave, even melancholy aspect. His flowing beard and peculiar expression caused my heart to throb with mournful memories, for I imagined I could trace a resemblance to my beloved father.

Two of the young men were dark and stern, but the other was fair and stately as a palm-tree. He pushed from his white brow the curling locks, and surveyed the royal train with grave curiosity until his eyes rested upon the chariot. In a moment there came into his face a flush and bright consciousness like recognition, and as we moved forward, he seemed about to follow. We passed from sight, and my cheeks burned with shame, for had I not too earnestly returned his gaze?

But why distress myself? Why care for the stranger I may never meet again, and who, perchance, forgot me before I reached the city?

The sun having entirely set, the glory died out of the scene; a chill pervaded the gray atmosphere as we passed under a grand archway in the southern wall of the palace and entered the magnificent court. Depressed as I had suddenly become, I could but marvel at the wonderful architecture. Carvings, in-

scriptions, and tinted images that rivalled their living models, everywhere met the eye; while through tessellated footpaths and carriage-ways pressed an expectant throng, who knelt upon the ground and hailed the monarch's arrival with shouts of adulation.

As the chariot halted before the most superb of the corner towers, where gay courtiers stood in waiting, Satanás lifted Samoula in his arms. Together they floated rather than walked up the marble stairway, and vanished from sight in the broad illuminated hall. I followed in great bewilderment. There was no abrupt sound or motion, like retreating footsteps, only the noiseless glide of a serpent.

Through long corridors, where gilded pillars upheld the vaulted ceiling, we were escorted to apartments in the northern tower. Here every imaginable luxury awaited us, and obsequious slaves stood ready to anticipate our wants. The chambers appropriated to Samoula exceed the wildest dreams of

imagination. The ceiling of the principal apartment is arched, and painted to represent the star-lit sky, in which the day-star outshines all others. Transparent curtains, draped from the center of the dome, soften but do not obscure its lustre. Upon the walls are gorgeous tapestried scenes of war and the chase. Always triumphant, the magnificent form of the great monarch is seen in every posture, displaying strength and beauty.

In the small banquet-room are portrayed the revels of the gayest and most dissolute of the Devas. The figures are not pleasing, but the flowers and fruit rival those upon the tables, heaped in golden baskets.

The bedroom is like a garden of roses. There again is reproduced in art the majestic but voluptuous form of the Light-bearer, reclining beneath sheltering vines, or wandering through sequestered walks in company with one alone, whose lineaments reproduce but too faithfully Samoula's beauty.

The bath is a scalloped pearl-shell, into which flows perfumed water. Mats are spread upon jasper floors, soft and bright like a grassy lawn sprinkled with flowers. Everywhere glows the action, color and warmth of life, and a light like that of the full moon pervades the balmy air.

Fatigued by long travel and unwonted excitement, I soon took leave of my happy mother for the night, and retired to the adjoining chamber, prepared for my especial use. What a contrast to that which I had just left! Cool, colorless, sombre, a realm of thought, not sense; wall and ceiling all of ivory, polished and carved in leafy boughs, flowers, birds, and butterflies; long mirrors reflecting beautiful designs, and startling me with the reduplication of my own white image standing entranced and motionless. Upon the marble floor of blue and gray were mats of bleached wool and goat's hair.

Chairs and divans invited repose, and in a small recess stood a dainty table containing

materials for writing. Through the high ceiling a subdued light entered, etherealizing every object.

It was a dream—a dream of peace and purity and spirituality. Above the couch had been placed an inscription of frosted silver inlaid upon ivory.

“Rest, sweet soul,
In the home of thy spirit.”

But for the caution, now become habitual, I should have given expression to the rapture such beauty inspired; for I thought, “Here would I ever rest!” But looking more intently, I saw, what had at first escaped notice, that the character used for the word “spirit” was that implying personality.

“Rest, sweet soul,
In the home of thy Spirit.”

Ah, Hesperus! thy love hath prepared this welcome; but the home of a Star-spirit can-

not be Aloma's place of rest. Then I forgot fatigue in the sense of danger, and remained a long time absorbed in thought.

Upon one side of the chamber a tall screen of ivory lace-work stood before a broad arched door, opening upon a balcony. The air of the chamber had suddenly grown oppressive, and I went forth into the silent night.

Beneath was a garden of exceeding beauty; thickets of trees and parterres of flowers interspersed lawns where gleamed alabaster vases, marble images, and jets of water rising misty and ghost-like as they were swayed by the night wind. All was secluded and dusky, save the light from an extraordinary fountain in the midst of the garden, where, instead of water, were bubbling waves of fire. As these occasionally shot upward in flame, the unnatural light penetrated to the recesses of the grove, and by the fitful flash I perceived a stately figure pacing the dim aisles, whose grand propor-

tions and dignified carriage could not be mistaken.

The solitary wanderer paused as if his attention were attracted. I would have retired unobserved, but in an instant he was by my side and detained me gently, saying—"Do not fear; never shall one curl of thy golden hair shrink from the unwelcome touch of Hesperus. O Aloma, beautiful, beloved, look forth into the western sky! Seest thou the brightest of yon celestial group, a star radiant and tender as thine own eyes? There once I dwelt, happy and pure. I would return unto mine ancient realm. I have seen thy soul, Lily of Light, and I tire of earth, its baseness and sin. O my adored, before I leave I beg for but one kiss, the first and last." The majestic form drooped, the haughty head bent low, the angelic voice, sweet and sad as the wind-harp, trembled. "Have pity, Aloma!"

The tenderest chords of my nature vibrated to the appeal for sympathy to the

grief of such a being. He constrained me by his woe, he entranced me by the melancholy of his eyes; again I felt the strange magnetism that had so nearly overpowered me at the Hermitage, and I cried out in an agony of distracting emotion—"O God, deliver me from the power of this Spirit! Save him from himself; save him from my love! Why are the creatures of God so tempted?" Then a voice fell from Heaven, saying, "To prove them and to show forth God's great Power!" With that, strength returned, and I raised my head. The Deva had left me.

Then I retired to my chamber and sat in anxious fear, far into the night. At length, reassured by continued quiet, the tumult in my breast was hushed, and I composed myself to record the adventures of this fateful journey. A weight had fallen upon me, my heart is as lead, my steps falter, a discord enters life, harsh, intolerable. Yet listen, doubting Aloma; does not a soft voice whisper, "The jarring symphony, the chord

of suspense, prelude the eternal harmonies”?

* * * *

The marriage, Samoula informs me, will not be celebrated for several days. Certain rites of purification are required, which with preparation of the wardrobe and decorations will cause delay. This intelligence gives me hope; events may transpire to change entirely the aspect of affairs. Ah, how much that was unlooked for has occurred since the waning of the last moon!

* * * *

THE DREAM

I cannot rest; the gloom of this unholy place increases and overpowers me. I had fallen asleep, and at that dread hour when the Giant Constellation plunges headward into the western waters, I perceived, but not by outward sense, two gaunt and ravening spectres stand by the bedside of my mother.

Upon the forehead of one was stamped Murder, and upon the other, Lust.

“She is mine,” said Murder,

“We will share her,” said the other.

“Agreed; we will share her *when the tide turns.*”

“O God,” I groaned, “save my deluded mother, and carry away these dreadful creatures, *when the tide turns.*”

With that the forms slowly vanished and I awoke. The meaning of the vision is not revealed. I am perplexed, yet must I again betake myself to slumber, for trying scenes are before me.

PRINCESS ALOMA IN THE CITY OF THE SUN

In the morning I visited Samoula and found her surrounded by ladies of the court and artists preparing for the approaching ceremony. My presence was not required, and learning that the grand monarch and his counselor were to be absent during the day,

I ventured into the halls of the Palace of Light. From the dome over the great colonnade a thousand lustres hung. I noted the exquisite finish and decoration of the architecture, the colored mosaic of the floor, the brilliant paintings upon the walls and sculptured reliefs of the ceiling, where are portrayed love-scenes of the incarnate spirits and beautiful women, battles between dragons and angels, triumphal processions, bands of strange captives, and representations of festivals and pageants, all the carvings tinted with the colors of life.

I saw many slaves and workmen employed as I passed a long marble gallery till I reached the eastern tower. Here, finding a curtained balcony, I went forth to enjoy the view of the city and valley which lay in that direction. The mountain slope was beautified by walks and carriage-ways, groves, arbors, and fantastic structures. The shaded avenues converged toward the palace, and were at this hour filled with gay figures and

elegantly appointed vehicles passing in an ever-changing, ever-renewed stream of life and beauty; while upon the lofty eminence of the mountain the enormous serpent still twined and twisted like a thing of life. The buildings of the marble city harmonized in style with the Palace of Light. Upon the highest point of each glittered a golden star.

At a distance, near the entrance of the valley, was a singular structure, entirely unlike the others, of wood, bulky and low, without any attempted beauty of proportion, at which I wondered greatly.

And while I mused, a woman attended by a slave came through the open door near me and sat down on the opposite side of the balcony.

She was attired after the elegant but dissolute style of the Palace, and though beautiful in face and figure, had a worn and melancholy expression. I saluted her respectfully, and enquired if I should disturb her by remaining. She answered that these were her

apartments, and that my presence was an honor. I then questioned her with regard to the low building in the distance, so incongruous with the scene of splendor. She answered, "That is Tebah,¹ intended to float upon the great waters."

"A boat?" I exclaimed in astonishment. "It is far from the river and much too large to float upon its surface."

"Yes," said the woman, with a smile, "that enormous boat has been for quite a time in building—the work of a fanatical old man and his sons, who believe that this valley will presently become a sea, upon which they will be securely borne during a great Flood which they say will visit the earth. They declare that the God of Heaven is displeased with the present state of the world and has determined to destroy all living beings.

"It may be true, as the old man says, that there is a God in Heaven, but Lord Satanas certainly possesses the world; all is now un-

¹ See Appendix, Note 11.

der his control. The princes of the earth," she added with a sigh, "have yielded to his might, and now (here her voice sank to a whisper) none are left to oppose his majesty. So the foolish preacher has built his own tomb, which Lord Satanas will consume by lightning some day, after the old prophet and his family are ensnared within it."

Then said I with increasing interest, "O my mistress, make known the name of the preacher!"

She answered: "He is called 'Noah, King of the Waters.' Unlike any other man of these times, he has taken but one wife. Two of his sons have followed his example. But the third, who is by far the handsomest man in Balonia, has never married or even loved. The fair ones of Balonia would sacrifice much to see him at their feet, but the toils are spread in vain."

Musing, she added, "Ah, cruel Japheth, through love for thee unhappy Semintala died!"

Instantly my thought reverted to the group I had seen upon the mountainside: the timber was for the building of Tebah; the patriarch was my father's brother, the resemblance was not accidental; the sons were my cousins; and the beautiful youth whose gaze had, I fear, found in my eyes a too responsive answer, was the youngest son, he of whom the woman spoke. Why did I tremble lest I was in error? Ignorant of my interest in the family, she changed the subject, and with languid indifference said:

"And are you not the daughter of the new queen? She is surpassingly beautiful, according to report, though mature, and may not hold sway longer than did the last favorite."

"When did—the queen die?" I inquired.

"I know not if she be dead; 'tis but a moon's quarter since she drank the amaranthine cup, and was placed in the crypt of Nirvana. It is said that Lord Satanas can recall those whom he places there, but I have

been in this Palace many long years, and have seen none come forth from that chamber. Why are the queens not warned, say you?

"All remember the fate of that rash maid, who, to save her beloved mistress, spoke one word of caution, unavailing. For many years sailors, drifted out of their course, have heard screams issue from the dark caves of the lone rock Zem, where still the wretched Tamoulee suffers.

"Satanas may offer to woman the cup of Nirvana, but never from love.

"And I dare speak thus to you? O child, truth and honor, like a halo, encircle your brow. Your eyes disarm doubt and jealousy. Yet by this trust my life is endangered! Yet what care I? Long since I became apathetic, hopeless. Even ambition dies in this smothering atmosphere. The reflections of the pictures are bright, but the shades are midnight gloom. I know the secrets of this place too well. Would you know them? Then must

your eyes be closed to sights that will sear, your hearing be dulled to the cry of pain and woe; love and pity must hold no place in your breast, and your heart must be turned to stone.

“I am reckless and tired of life, or I would not speak thus. Suspicion lurks in every alcove; Revenge hides behind each column; Envy and Jealousy walk the corridors; Treachery and Conspiracy scarce conceal their malignant forms in the tapestried chambers; Torture and Murder gloat over the work of the foul fiends in the vaults below. You are beautiful. Take my advice, and secure the protection of one of these celestials; otherwise, you will not be safe for one hour. Uronion, my lord, is scribe to Hesperus the counselor, and has access to the keys of the Palace. With him have I wandered through its secret recesses, and nerved my heart against despair by witnessing woes greater than my own.”

Touched by pity for this unhappy woman,

I asked her name and history, and how she had become an inmate of the Palace of Light.

THE STORY OF MINERVA THE SORCERESS

“My name,” said the woman, “is Minerva; I was born a thousand measures from Babilonia, on the shores of the great inland sea, a land of perpetual spring, of beauty and delight. My father was a powerful prince, who governed a happy people by just and equitable laws; for he was a worshiper of God. He refused the fealty and tribute exacted by Zaradis, a fierce Deva, who intruded himself upon the earth after the descent of the Lord Satanas, and established his kingdom on the borders of the land in which for many years the dynasty of Arratas had borne sway. The monarchs of our line, who were powerful and wise, remained undisturbed after the other princes of the world had succumbed to the Deva powers.

“O happy days, when in my father’s royal bark, with Senaris my betrothed for a companion, we sailed across the Midland Sea¹ and passed the narrow gate of rocks which separate it from the great waters which lie on the western edge of the world. To the far west upon the bosom of the Atlantine deep lay the Amber Isles,² raised by the ocean in distant years.

“Thither the light winds wafted us, and many moons we remained in the land of beauty and never-failing verdure, gathering gold and purple fruit, breathing health and delight from the air of the ocean, till my father was summoned to defend his kingdom from an attack of the Devas.

“Vain struggle! Zaradis made alliance with Lord Satanas. They united their armies of Darvands, strong, crafty, cruel warriors, and swept over our kingdom like fire across the stubble. Our city and palace were

¹ See Appendix, Note 12.

² See Appendix, Note 13.

burned, the army slaughtered, and my father, his generals and priests, were tortured. Semaris, my betrothed, was slain; my mother died of a broken heart; but I was taken to the court of Zaradis, and spared on account of my beauty.

“Accursed possession, it is leaving me now!

“I should have been the queen of Zaradis but for the arrival of a still fairer captive; in that fortune favored me. I was married to the Deva Uronion, and soon after our union, when the counselor of Lord Satanás came to the court of Zaradis upon an embassy, Uronion entered his service and removed to Balonia, for the queen had been strangled, and he feared from certain tokens that Zaradis’ fancy for me might return. Here have I lived, unhappy certainly, though with one of the most constant of the gods;¹ for Uronion is encouraged by his master to continence, as he condemns the universal license.

¹ See Appendix, Note 14.

“When I came to this place I retained the impress of my early faith, but have long since abandoned all expectation of intervention from Heaven. I have listened to tales of war and subjugation; to stories of mighty deeds accomplished by the Star-spirits; I have seen the unsparing cruelty and undisturbed domination of their giant sons, till I am convinced that faith in God is a fiction of the imagination. The weak minds of the common herd crave a religion, and Satan has supplied it in the worship of his Symbol—the serpent.

“The kingdoms of earthly princes have passed away. God, if there be one, cares not for men, nor takes notice of their affairs. He leaves the earth to my Lords Satan, Zaradis, Hesperus, Ramidas, Saranzia, Owadu and many others, who reign in distant regions. But all pay allegiance to Satan, the Light-bearer, who seduced them from Heaven¹ and placed them in subordinate power.

¹ See Appendix, Note 15.

“No doubt thou art still deluded by fantastic hope. This will soon be dissipated, and thou wilt acknowledge that God has forsaken the earth. Thou wilt abandon the fallacy of prayer, and curse thy fate and the Devas, as I do at this moment.”

THE PRIESTS OF SATANAS

Astonished by such a history, and shocked at the impiety of Minerva, I hesitated to reply. Just then a procession of strange figures, passing a narrow pathway which led from the city, diverted our attention. In advance was a band of men, hideous in aspect, with scarlet feathers on their heads, upon their bodies purple tunics, emblazoned with yellow dragons, and in their hands sharp scimitars.

“The Priests!” said Minerva with a shudder.

“Who are the Priests?” I inquired.

“Debased, truth - hating, power - loving

men, who attend the great serpent, and offer the sacrifice upon which he and his brood are fed every day at noon."

I cast another timid glance at the procession. Their proud, cruel and unrelenting faces occasionally turned toward a line of naked men, who tottered after them with feet hampered by heavy chains and hands bound behind their backs; their heads were bowed; their mournful wail betokened fear and despair.

"These," said Minerva, "are victims about to be slain at the Lake of Serpents, receiving punishment perchance for some slight offense to our masters, or without pretext sacrificed in malignant wantonness to satisfy the clamor of the superstitious and imbruted crowd."

Appalled at the sight of such monstrous cruelty, I arose in great fear, and hastened to the solitude of my own apartment lest I should witness some other horror.

Toward evening I was aroused by the

entrance of Samoula, now doubly radiant in the gorgeous robes and gems presented by her enamored lord.

“Aloma,” said she, “our simple life at the Hermitage has unfitted us for the splendor and magnificence now at our command. This royal state confuses me; I fail to realize the proper bearing of events. Sometimes my heart misgives me, and I fear the change is evil. But these doubts are the result of ignorance and unfamiliarity with the world. The Lord Satanás is grand and noble; he excuses my deficiency and devotes himself to my happiness. He would exalt me to his lofty standard. Thus gratitude, as well as love, bids me overcome every scruple.

“This evening the crystal court is to be illuminated in honor of our arrival, and I am to be presented to the people of Balonia as their future queen. You are invited to share in the ceremonies of the hour. Slaves will soon place at your disposal robes of

honor and jewels fit for the daughter of a queen. O my child, do not refuse to accompany me and participate in my fortune and glory! You are the only tie that binds me to the past. I may yet wish to retrace my steps; let not this link be broken."

"I will accompany you," I answered, "but let not the queen be displeased if I refuse the jewels and robes of state. The gifts of Satanás would ill become the daughter of Allimades." Then I wept, and continued—"O my mother, the change is naught but evil! You will never retrace your steps."

"You are excited, and speak wildly," said Samoula. "I will leave you to calm yourself before the night comes on."

My appearance must have justified her words, for I felt the strange tremor and flush, the supernatural power of speech and sight, which since the night of Allimades' death has often inspired me. Samoula retired, and presently came maids and eunuchs bearing the gifts of Satanás, and also a jewel-

casket of exceeding beauty sealed with the signet of Hesperus.

After they had retired, I laid aside the royal gifts, enwrapped myself in a veil of the finest linen, transparent and white as the marvelous flower that never sees the sun, and thus awaited the signal of illumination.

JAPHETH

We entered the crystal court amid a blaze of light, with sounds of ravishing music and acclamations of the throng. A band of Darvands escorted us to a high dais in the center of the court, where Satanás with royal majesty awaited the queen; and as she, in robes of more than earthly splendor, took her seat by his side, a tempest of applause from the spectators fairly shook the lofty building. I was placed in a golden chair upon a step of the stair, and for a moment gazed enchanted at the magnificence of the architecture. The inner court was surmounted by a lofty

crystal dome thickly hung with glittering prisms, a thousand pillars of jacinth entwined by golden wreaths upheld the immense arch; the marble walls were made airy by delicate and graceful perforations through which the cool night breeze could penetrate.

In glancing over the gay throng, my eyes rested upon a figure standing in an open archway, which at once startled me and riveted my attention. Tall, graceful, serious, in this white-robed figure my eyes and heart recognized the youth of the mountain, whom I doubted not was the youngest son of the Prophet. O could I but have speech with him, one of my own kindred, a man unpolluted in the midst of universal corruption, one I could safely trust! But if this were not the young man I had seen—if Minerva had mistaken his character—if he should have no interest in my welfare, or should despise the daughter of the queen of Satan! These doubts rent my bosom, and destroyed

all interest in the scene before me. I was dimly conscious, as in a confused dream, of wonderful feats performed by men and wild beasts, of enchantments, intoxicating odors, dancing, music and feasting. But one thought absorbed me: shall I speak with this young stranger? Does he regard me with kindness?

The night wore away. I remained motionless upon the step of the dais, and still in the doorway the white figure was seen.

But although I had eyes for none other, I was not myself unobserved. Eldero, a favorite son of Satan, stood near, regarding me with bold and insolent admiration, often addressing me in language of offensive flattery. I grew alarmed, and was longing to change my position, when Hesperus, the master of ceremonies, accosted me in tones of melancholy rather than presumption. "Aloma, wouldst thou go forth from this place?"

I hesitated to reply, for, more than pres-

ent discomfort, I feared his solitary escort. He seemed to divine my thought, for a deeper shadow overspread his grand features, as he gave order to a band of slaves: "Attend the princess whithersoever she will."

"Ho! Ho!" said the Darvand with a leer. "What careth my Lord Hesperus, the Passionless?"

The eyes of the Deva flashed fire. He raised his hand in menace, and bestowed upon my tormentor a look so terrible that he shrank back in silence. Fearing the consequences of a moment's delay, I directed the guard to take me to the open air; I passed quickly through the throng, whose rude gaze and free remarks made the breath of night doubly welcome as we drew near an entrance to the garden.

Then was made manifest the guiding hand of the Almighty; for it came to pass that, when the slaves essayed to reach the northern tower, a band of dancing girls entered

the court, and we were pressed backward by the throng to the eastern side, where still remained the unknown youth. He respectfully stepped aside as we passed. I seated myself upon the balcony, and the cool breeze soon restored my courage.

The wonderful scene I then beheld is impressed upon my memory, ineffaceable in outline, color, and shading. The veiled moon hung low in the sky; in the east could be seen the faint flush of dawn; the palms and acacias rustled and whispered secrets of the night and of coming day. Blending with their mysterious breath were sounds of revelry in the Palace, music and the measured tread of the dancers, the harsh voices of the giants, the sycophantic tones of men, light, assured laughter of beautiful women, musical accents of illustrious Star-spirits, sighs of tired and panting slaves. The glare from illuminated hall and dome, shimmering through panel and archway, shone out upon obelisk, statue and fountain; it mingled

strangely with the perfume of the tropical night, but did not dispel the black, ominous shadows moving noiselessly through this paradise of sin.

At the further end of the balcony stood the slaves in fixed immovability, and relieved against that dark background, in the full blaze of glory which streamed through the archway, stood the white-robed stranger like an angel of light. His earnest eyes met mine with entreaty; his hand was half extended.

A sudden sense of the supreme importance of the moment, a feeling that the golden opportunity of my life was passing away, that he would vanish in the darkness and be lost forever, overpowered all reserve. Unmindful of the exposed situation, of prying eyes around, and of the danger that might follow, after a moment of hesitation I bade him approach. He came forward, and by a manner composed and respectful at once reassured me.

“Fair princess, you are Aloma, daughter

of the queen. I am Japheth, son of the Prophet. Hopelessly separated are we by worldly distinctions, and yet the rapt purity of your face, the simplicity of your dress, the indifference or distaste you manifest to the pageantry within, give token that by sympathy we are not divided.

“Do you ask why I am voluntarily in scenes where you appear only by compulsion? Know, then, O beautiful stranger—forgive my boldness—that I saw you in the chariot of Satan on the evening of your entrance into Balonia, and the hope of meeting you once more led me to enter the Palace, and join an assembly whose character and amusement my soul abhors. I dared not hope to hold converse with you, and now that I have the opportunity, with thronging thoughts and desires I await your favor.”

Hearing this, my heart revived, and I answered—“O son of the Prophet, permit me to make known my brief history. You called my name rightly—Aloma—and I am the

daughter of the queen, but my father was Allimades, the Sage of Balonia, son of Lamech and brother of Noah."

With heightened color and joy in his eyes he drew nearer, and said—"O princess, thou art my cousin! Thou, the daughter of Allimades, I see thee at last!" Then, taking my hand, he trembled, grew pale and seemed unable to repress the low rapid words:

"Aloma, your face and voice are an inspiration, a revelation of which I have dreamed, for which I have prayed. You are the fulfillment of my heart's prophecy, the promise of Heaven. Forgive this abruptness, this vehemence. I am amazed; I cannot control myself. I have waited for you so long; yet now all my former years seem like a dream, and this brief moment, the waking to life and reality."

Though much affected by these words, I repressed emotion, and answered quietly: "We are indeed near kin; the discovery gives me inexpressible happiness. There is much

to be spoken, but the night wanes; to remain longer in this place would invite observation and danger. Even now I perceive the glance of Hesperus toward us. We must part."

But Japheth could not refrain. "Dear cousin," said he, "ask me not to leave you—rather come with me to my father's house, where among kindred you will find safety. You cannot realize the dangers of this glittering palace. The thin film of splendor scarce hides its sins and crime. If you are again immersed in the tide of false glory, I fear you will flit from me forever, as your image has faded from my longing sight in unsubstantial dreams. Naught but a miracle can save you in this accursed place."

Again my mind was suddenly illuminated, and the purpose of the Most High revealed. The gift of prophecy was bestowed for my own salvation and that of others; and I answered confidently—"The miracle has been performed. I am possessed of a talisman

more potent than the wiles and violence of Deva or Darvand. We shall meet again."

At this moment there was a tumult in the court, and a herald's voice announced the retirement of the queen. I motioned Japheth to leave me. He vaulted lightly over the railing of the balcony, and in a moment was lost in the darkness below. I gave the order to the slaves, and they moved toward the northern tower. As I passed the son of Satanas, his bold eyes saluted me, and he muttered—"The princess is fairer than the queen; her step outgraces even the dancing of Oradel. Where were my father's eyes when he preferred the mother? I swear this is a morsel fit for a god! The Deva thwarted me, but if he win not the damsel, she is mine. Our lords are delicate in their wooing; a Darvand doth not hesitate nor relent."

His brutal expression and villainous language were terrifying. I hastened with the guard, and unmolested reached my chamber.

Here have I endeavored to review calmly

my perilous situation and the adventure of the evening, which seemed so unreal. I could doubt my own identity, but the sacred manuscripts of my father lie before me, and in the mirrors which adorn this magnificent apartment are reflected the familiar form and dress of the Child of the Hermitage. Now will I lie down to rest, and forgetting these new conditions, wander in dreams through the cypress-groves, and listen once more to the voice of Allimades blending with the murmur of the river.

* * * *

When this journal was laid aside for the night my adventures were not over. With a sense of danger averted, and a vague foreboding of peril to come, I sought my couch. The lights in the chamber were extinguished, there was no moon in the sky, and pale starlight coming through the window made every object shadowy and undefined. A creeping chill came over me as a fresh breeze

swept suddenly through the chamber. Was I dreaming?

I opened wide my eyes and perceived with horror that a large panel in the opposite wall moved inward, and the shaggy head of the abhorred Eldero peered through it. In an instant he seized me with giant grip, enveloped my head in the bed-covering, and darted through the open wall, down an unfamiliar corridor, toward a staircase which I knew must lead to the vaults below. Whirled rapidly along, helpless in an iron clutch, I struggled in vain to make audible my smothered screams; for deeds of violence and cries of despair produced no impression upon dull sleepers well accustomed to such sounds. No curious eye looked forth from the silent dormitories; no vigilant watchman raised his hand to interfere, as the Darvand fled swiftly down the darkened hall to the steep and fatal descent.

But just as I felt myself lowered, an astral light filled the air, the arms of Eldero were

wrenched asunder, and alone he was plunged headlong into the darksome pit, while the wrathful voice of Hesperus rang through the stillness of the night: "Lustful monster, insatiate ravisher, wouldst thou dissolve this pearl of Paradise in the cup of thy sin?"

Again I was carried rapidly through the long corridor, back to my own apartment and placed upon the bed. Swift and sudden as his coming was the departure of the Deva. There was a profound sigh, and the displaced panel moved into its former position. A sound of closing bolts and bars followed, then silence, solitude and shade.

I now felt that safety was assured, and with supreme gratitude for the marvelous deliverance, thoroughly exhausted I sank into slumber.

THE SORCERESS AND THE PROPHET

I slept soundly till midday, and was then roused by a voice at the chamber door, which I recognized as that of Minerva. She called

my name, and when I admitted her, she offered to assist at my toilet. The extreme simplicity of my dress rendered such aid unnecessary, and after some hesitation she spoke again:

“Aloma, I believed that all fear of God and sympathy for my own kind were dead in this withered heart; but your innocence and purity, sweet child of the wilderness, have brought back vividly the memory of early days, when like you I was uncontaminated by the wickedness of the world, when in faith I knelt with my princely father to offer the daily sacrifice, when we mingled our tears and lamentations at the tomb of the brother beloved and early lost, when with pleasure I pondered upon the wisdom and piety of the ancients and dreamed that I might emulate their noble deeds.

“Why was I brought to this evil place, where in the pursuit of power and pleasure I have forgotten myself and God? Aloma, I love you because you are what I once was,

and I abhor myself for what I have now become. You may perchance escape downfall and perdition, but how can I be restored? For the Sorceress of Balonia there is no atonement, only the dreadful end.

“But what folly has seized me that I bemoan my fate in this insane manner? Let us drink and be gay. Man dies and Pleasure flies; we must keep pace while she wings her way over banquet-halls and perfumed couches.” With that, she took from her bosom a small amphora of transparent jade, and pouring out a few crystals, round and red like drops of blood, threw them into the lustral, where, according to the custom of the Palace, fragrant oils were kept burning to perfume and purify the air. As the tiny balls touched the flame, they burst with a ringing sound, and the apartment was filled by a dense mist of pungent, intoxicating fumes, in which every object was intensified, and the sorceress herself appeared the incarnation of youth and beauty. The vapors

were slowly resolved into the semblance of moving figures, surrounded by all sensuous delights, while strains of voluptuous music enchanted the ear. In the midst of this bewildering scene I perceived a well-remembered Deva kneeling before my own glorified image.

My brain was dazed but, conscious that there was danger in such delight, I exerted to the utmost my fast failing will, and fled from the atmosphere of enchantment to the balcony, where, in the fresh air I soon regained full possession of my reason.

In a few moments the unnatural scene had vanished, and Minerva came to me in great agitation, saying, "For the first time Maya fails, but Homa remains;¹ drink, fair girl; let us quaff the cup of Homa—nectar of the gods, longed for by men; antidote of sorrow, balm of memory, dissipator of fear—give me a draught that I may steep my brain in forgetfulness. Where is the Homa, girl?"

¹ See Appendix, Note 16.

Her excitement was painful as she returned and searched the apartment wildly. Long habit had again mastered an awakening conscience.

With profound pity I took her hand and said: "Minerva, that for which you search is not here. The Homa and your enchantments are alike dangerous. They do not heal, but poison the soul. But I have a cordial for a mind diseased. Listen, and I will tell you of this medicament. Minerva, the Devas are cruel, unrelenting, full of hate. The Almighty is compassionate and forgiving; the restorative to virtue and happiness is belief in His mercy."

"But I cannot hope, and for me there is no mercy; you know not, simple one, the extent of my wickedness. I must drink the Homa, it stupefies the brain; and yet, when its power is over, I wake to greater horror. Whither can I turn? Only to death?"

After a moment of silence she exclaimed: "What day is this? The day when the

Prophet warns the scoffing crowd—almost the very hour—hasten! hasten! He is wise, he is pure; no drop of Homa has passed his lips, confusing reason and weakening will. He can instruct us.

“We will go to the mountain-side; the chariot awaits my call; the name of Uronion upon its front is a passport, though all men in the kingdom of Satanias know and fear Minerva the Sorceress. Yea, to the Prophet I will go, though my power be thus broken and my life the forfeit!”

Anxious to enlighten Minerva, and also to look once more upon the face of Allimades' brother, I gladly accepted this proposal, and we were soon on our way through the city to the mountain. I was delighted with the changing scenes of the busy marts, so new and unfamiliar, the buildings of various forms and uses, the long rows of colossal images which bordered the highways as we entered the royal avenue where dwell the giant sons of Satanias.

The road was broad, so that a score of chariots could pass at once. Upon its borders were gardens of exceeding beauty, a paradise of fountains and flowers. Stately peacocks paced the white walks, birds of gorgeous plumage flitted through the shrubbery, and golden fishes darted across the crystal basins.

Beyond these gardens stood beautiful palaces, sculptured with various devices. Before every mansion stood a slender obelisk, entwined with living vines now full of scarlet blossoms. Upon the green turf were little people disporting in capricious joy. They were the first I had ever seen, and in a transport of admiration, I exclaimed: "Oh, the children, the beautiful children!"

Minerva looked upon me with surprise. "You were brought up in a forest, and have never before seen children, and yet you recognize them at once and give them their appropriate name. And so it is in all things. Without mistake you accord to new and un-

familiar objects their proper designation. Whence comes this power?"

I answered, smiling, but somewhat puzzled: "Is it not so with every person? It was certainly thus with Adam,¹ our primogenitor; the proper word must have occurred to him, as to me, with the occasion for its use. But I am often myself surprised at this power. I do not remember to have possessed it before Allimades' death. Perhaps it is a special gift of God."

Just then we reached the heart of Balonia, and here, on either side, were rows of colossal statues, the most fearful and imposing in the city, with heads far outstretched, back of which pointed forward great pinions meeting in midair. The effect of these hideous forms was frightful. I shivered as we passed into their shadow. As we emerged again, and entered the country, many people were seen going toward the mountain. We followed, and were soon in the presence of

¹ See Appendix, Note 17.

the famous Prophet, and alighting from our car, drew near to listen. Standing with his three sons¹ upon a low terrace, he addressed the crowd. His face was solemn even to sadness, and the words that met our ears were these:

“Lo, for many years have I lifted up my voice in warning and entreaty. My soul has been daily vexed with your abominable deeds. You have wallowed in gluttony and drunkenness, in lust and lechery; you have said to Avarice, ‘Thou art our father,’ and to Sensuality, ‘Thou art our mother.’ Reckless and besotted you have embraced destruction.

“O abject slaves of a merciless despot, your manhood is lost, your lives are forfeited; you are doomed! With strong groaning and tears, with fasting and sacrifice, have I sought the Almighty on behalf of the sinful sons of Adam. Repent! Repent! before the thunders of Heaven shall

¹ See Appendix, Note 18.

burst upon your guilty heads!" Then throwing up his arms he exclaimed: "O God, it is vain, all in vain! The day of wrath is at hand!

"The night winds whisper a dreadful secret. In far-off regions I hear the mutterings of the approaching storm. The ominous roar of ocean is borne upon the blast; it gapes to devour its prey. The seals of Death and Sheol are broken, and Vengeance rushes forth on the wings of Destruction. Too late! Too late! You will hear my voice no more; the Prophet's work is ended!"

He ceased, and there was a great commotion in the crowd; but I gave no heed to it, for Minerva, shaken like a reed in the wind, cried out—"O Prophet of God, I repent! Is there no mercy for me?" He heard her and was about to approach, when a malignant demon who hovered behind a black cloud swooped out of the sky, and aimed a dart at the Prophet. But a holy angel, until that moment unperceived, rose at the critical

moment and with his shield turned the weapon away. At the Prophet's narrow escape I swooned and for some time was unconscious.

Presently I recovered, and found myself in the arms of my cousin, who, attracted by the cries of Minerva, had discovered me as I fell.

"Thou art cold and pale, beloved," said Japheth in alarm; "thy form is rigid and thy gaze fixed; thou wilt not soon leave me? This cannot be thy death!" Then, suddenly inspired, I answered—"Not in thy arms shall I yield up my parting breath. In the last hour of life I shall repose upon another breast, but one so much resembling thee, O Japheth!"

"Aloma," said he with awe, "hast thou, like my father, a prophetic power?" And I replied solemnly, "God knoweth."

I turned toward Minerva, and found her engaged in discourse with the Prophet, who unconscious of the attack upon his life (for

his supernatural perception extends not to vision), was absorbed in giving her instruction and comfort. He did not notice my presence, nor that his son was with me. I, therefore, stepped quietly into the chariot; Minerva followed, and we turned toward the Palace.

It was late before we recrossed the city, but artificial lights made the warm night like day. The streets swarmed with a mixed multitude, men and Devas with their beautiful wives and children, all abroad to catch the breeze which at this hour sweeps down the valley. As we drove along, impious language shocked our ears, revealing discontent, jealousy, and hatred. Minerva appeared ill at ease and thoughtful. To divert her mind and inform myself, I inquired, "Why do these people continue in bondage so galling? Why not resist, though in the attempt they perish?"

"What can be done?" she replied. "Countless plots have been formed, conspiracies to

destroy the life of Satan, by fire and flood, by steel and poison. His body is impervious, his spirit-forged weapons irresistible. The power and grandeur of the Darvands, nay their very existence, depends upon the will of the Devas. Therefore they yield outward obedience, while within smoulder fires of hatred and rebellion."

By this time we reached the Palace. Minerva embraced me affectionately at parting, and when I said, according to custom, "God be with you," to my surprise she added devoutly—"May it be so to the end."

As I entered my apartment, the voice of Samoula summoned me to her chamber. She was surrounded by admiring slaves and tire-women, who were displaying for her inspection and choice, elegant costumes designed for the coronation. She asked my approval of a robe so glittering and transparent that it might have been formed of woven sunbeams, and a veil of similar texture, embroidered with minute

gems that reflected the lamplight in scintillating gleams.

Totally unconscious of danger, she is absorbed in the ceremonials and magnificent preparations of which she is the brilliant center. Satanás is rarely in the queen's apartments, being, it is remarked with some surprise, unusually occupied in affairs of state.

While the preparatory baths, oils, and cosmetics have greatly heightened Samoula's beauty, they seem to have stupefied her reason and conscience. Ah, my deluded mother, how gladly would I again warn her of the perils by which we are environed! But there is no opportunity. Jealous eyes, quick ears, and ready tongues are ever near.

To this inanimate scroll will I commit my story, and entrust my fear, hoping that some gleam of maternal affection may lead her to peruse this page and admit once more to her confidence the child who would cheerfully lay down her life to save her.

THIRD DAY AT BALONIA

I rose at dawn of day, and calling Aldeth to accompany me, went forth to breathe the fresh air of morn. This I knew would be my last opportunity to walk the streets in safety, for at noon the subordinate princes with their retinues were expected at Balonia, whither they had been summoned to pay the annual tribute and take part in the ceremony of the coronation. During their stay the city will be filled with Darvands, who are without the self-repression of their spirit-sires: the earth is filled with violence through them.

At that early hour the long corridors of the Palace were silent. The court was empty, and gave back a hollow echo to our footsteps as we passed out through the eastern gate. The city of Sin was asleep. The intriguing brain, the heart throbbing with anguish or anger, the hand of stealth, the feet swift to pursue evil, must sometimes rest,

and this was the hour of tranquillity in Balonia—the capital city of the gods.

Nature was also in repose. Too calm and silent seemed the morning's dawn. No zephyr lifted the drooping leaves; no chirp of bird or insect disturbed the brooding silence. A gray haze hung over the sleeping city, an ominous hush pervaded the valley. I paused to listen. I sat upon the earth and leaned my head upon a projecting rock. Did I feel a tremor coming from the bowels of the earth, the parturient throes of an unborn earthquake? I looked up into the deeps of the soft sky. Could I not discern in the far-off mist the smothered tumult of generating elements, the struggles of a chained tempest? I spoke—Aldeth wondered at my strange words; I myself wondered.

I rose and hastened on until a short turn in the pathway brought me directly in front of the building called Tebah. Here was animation. The smoke of early sacrifice slowly floated heavenward, and the Prophet with

his family bowed before the altar. Greatly affected by this reminder of my former life, I stepped forward and knelt with the worshipers. The quick eye of Japheth detected the presence of strangers, and when the group arose, he came forward with words of welcome, and taking my hand respectfully, led me to his father.

“This,” said he, “is the maiden of whom I spake, the child of Allimades, who has this morning worshiped with us the God of her father.” The Prophet gazed upon me earnestly, and tears came into his eyes as he embraced me, saying—“Thou hast Samoula’s face and form, but Allimades’ steadfast soul looks forth from thine eyes. Thrice welcome, my daughter.”

The other members of the family received me kindly, and when I entered the dwelling entreated me to take the highest seat. After a brief hour, in which our hearts were comforted by words of counsel and affection, I arose to take leave, but the Prophet detained

me, saying, "Wilt thou not remain with us, daughter of my beloved brother? There is one vacant room in the Tebah; surely it was reserved for thee."

As I endeavored to frame a reply, Japheth came quickly to my side, and added his eloquent entreaties to those of his father. His eyes beamed with anxious love, his glowing face reflected the blush which suffused my cheeks. "The vacant room, dear cousin, adjoins my own; let it be thine. My brothers have chosen companions, but I am still alone. Without thy sweet presence, so shall I ever remain, for none but Aloma can become the bride of Japheth."

Taking courage, I replied: "By the ties of kindred and affection, by the bonds of religion and sympathy, by the presence of impending danger, I am thine; but for the moment our paths diverge. I must return to my mother. I shall come to thee again, for God wills it shall be so." Japheth would have accompanied me. "The way is full of

peril," he said. But I declined, answering, "Fear not, my guard is strong."

Then bidding my friends farewell, I hastened along the streets, which now showed signs of awakening life, and soon reached the Palace. As I entered the chamber, to my surprise I found Uronion, the husband of Minerva, awaiting my return, in whose countenance I noted a grave shadow. His features were overcast with melancholy. He presented me a linen scroll sent by Minerva, which I opened, and in astonishment read as follows:

"Peace be with thee, Aloma, child of Heaven. Thy coming was the dawn of light to one long overshadowed with that gloom which is the penalty of sin. The dew of thy pure youth fell upon my parched and blackened heart. The light of thy innocent smile warmed to life the withered blossoms of love and pity; but far better than all, thy simple piety awoke the faith of my childhood. With horror I reviewed my life, and repented.

"Minerva, inmate of the Palace of Light, sought the Prophet of God, received his exhortation, and accepted his faith. I well knew the penalty—death, swift and dreadful; the fatal summons was not delayed. This moment Eldero and his band stand at my chamber door, the subterranean cave receives me. Thou wilt see me no more.

"I send by Uronion (who still hath some love and pity), in token of my grateful love, a casket I have long preserved, the only reminiscence of my early life, a present from my royal father. Keep it, dear Aloma, and sometimes think of Minerva, but never with grief. If I die at the hands of demons by God's will, all is well. I have hope in His mercy that I shall yet live again.¹ Farewell!"

Tears blinded my eyes as I received from the hands of Uronion a casket containing various utensils necessary for woman's handiwork. "Alas! Alas!" said he, "I could not save Minerva. Today I leave this

¹ See Appendix, Note 19.

accursed place and return to the kingdom of Zaradis. Hesperus is next to Satan as in power. He can protect Aloma." "O Uronion," I entreated, "can you not believe in the God of Minerva?" "No," he answered gloomily, and departed.

I was now distracted by grief and self-accusation, for there came into my mind the visit in the eastern tower, when I saw the wretched victims driven by the priests of Satan as to the death-sacrifice, and held that discourse with Minerva which led to her disobedience of the laws of the Palace. Was I not in some measure to blame? She must be rescued—but in what manner could I give her aid? Uronion is helpless, Satan as unrelenting; to appear in his presence would increase his displeasure. Hesperus is powerful, but from him I could ask no favor. Must Minerva be abandoned to her fate? The idea was intolerable.

Afterward I became more calm, and reflected that in the confusion produced by the

entrance of the princes with their trains, the attention of every one, even the cruel Priests of Satanas, would be absorbed, and the sacrifice forgotten. Then could Uronion, who was familiar with every passage through the subterranean vaults, make his way to Minerva and undiscovered carry her to a place of safety. But where was Uronion, the Deva? He had left me in despair, determined to fly from Balonia. There must be no moment of delay.

I rushed into the halls, and to my agitated inquiries received answer that he had gone to the eastern tower. Thither I hastened, but the apartments of Minerva were tenantless. I ran through the galleries to the court, and when near the gate, a man informed me that he had met Uronion on his way to the Tower of Satanas, where Lord Hesperus transacted the business of state.

All who could move had flocked to the city to witness the entrance of the royal trains, and unobserved I flew along the deserted

street, climbed the rock, and almost breathless reached the Tower. The gate was ajar. I entered, and quickly ascended the long stairway leading to the chambers. Here I found a door, and opening it cautiously, for a moment forgot my errand through astonishment and wonder. I stood beneath a vast representation of the heavens; the dome was of azure, deep as midnight, and upon it were suspended gold and silver orbs, like the sun, moon and stars. The walls were hung with gorgeous drapery, against which were placed weapons of war and instruments of unknown service.

At the farther extremity of this vaulted chamber was a throne, and ranged upon the sides were raised floors after the manner of halls of council. Doors also opened without. Scarce had I time to make a hasty survey, when voices issuing from another chamber recalled my wandering sense and filled me with alarm. I could not be mistaken; Hesperus and Uronion were in the next

apartment engaged in earnest conversation. Frightened at the temerity which had led me to such a place, and full of apprehension as to the consequences if I were discovered, I shrank behind a large pillar, and was entirely screened from sight. Presently a door opened and the speakers came forth.

"The Preacher is guarded by the Almighty, him we may not molest," said Hesperus gravely; "but vengeance must overtake the daring one who leaves the Palace of Light to listen to his fables. The offense of Minerva is unpardonable."

"But, my lord," said Uronion (I trembled at his words), "Minerva went not forth alone. The Princess Aloma was her companion. Together they drove through the streets of the city, and coming out on the farther side, impelled by curiosity, or perhaps by the desire of the young girl, they stopped to listen. O my lord, you know not the passion of love, and fail to appreciate my distress."

"The daughter of the queen accompanied Minerva?" said Hesperus with heightened interest.

Then, musing, he continued, "Perchance love in my heart has awakened pity. O Uronion, I am not insensible to thy distress. Take this key to the outer entrance to the vaults; go while the guards are gazing at the procession. Liberate Minerva, and fly with all speed. Hearken!—the trumpets of heralds; the Devas approach the city. Satanash holds today a grand consultation; marriage pageants are of little moment in presence of the danger which now threatens."

The object of my coming was accomplished, but when I would have fled, a misty wall uprose on every side, and in its shade my form vanished from sight. By this token I knew I was safe, and repeating mentally the words, "Over the righteous soul the Devas have no power," I leaned against the pillar and remained motionless.

COUNCIL OF THE DEVAS

The descending footsteps of Uronion had scarce died away when the tramp of armed Darvands, the bright flashes of fire and the musical voices of the Devas announced the presence of Satanas and his associates. They came, a band of celestial forms, clad in angelic livery, princely and resplendent, with words and voices of heavenly sweetness. Their eyes flashed unearthly fire; their airy footsteps gave no echo. Upon each royal brow blazed its own peculiar star, set with the color of its nativity; but in the features could be seen lines traced by centuries of unrestrained passion and despotic power. Princes of the East and of the West, of the North and of the South, Wardens, Kings, Guardians, and others of unknown names.

But where is the Monarch of the Waters? No answer; but from afar a sound as of the booming of the sea in a rising storm. The

warrior sons retired, and the proud Devas bowed before the throne. And now a change—each form looms indistinct, each voice grows terrible. I had come to this place to speak to Uronion; I must witness a council of Devas. I hear—every nerve is strained. I tremble and falter—the friendly column supports me. Remember, repeat, if thou canst, Aloma!

Ah, no, I cannot—words unearthly. Yet must I catch the meaning, and before oblivion seals every sense, give form to what I scarcely comprehend. Listen! it is the voice of Satan.

In some distant, awful hour he dared to strive against the Creator and aspire to His Almighty glory. Who but the Light-bearer would presume to soar so high? Swelling with pride, he revolted and attracted to his banner myriads of the host of Heaven. They subjugated the human race, under his instruction, won the love of women, and established a sovereignty. For many cycles their

kingdom has remained undisturbed, but now the enemy is roused, and sternest danger threatens.

He calls upon Agnaris, the god of Fire. Swift, subtle, uncertain, he moves forward, his step marked by a scorched footprint. On his head gleams no star, but in place thereof a crown of thin flames. His eyeballs glow like living coals, his voice is hollow and gusty. The Devas shrink from his hot breath, all save the lord Satanash, before whose piercing glance Agnaris grows pale and almost disappears. He bids the great Master look to the stars that draw upon their central fires, which struggle to be free. They heave the bed of ocean; they strive to burst the ribs of earth; the demons cannot restrain their fury.

Agnaris disappears, vanishes in space, and the aerial voice of Prince Owadu is heard. In his realm is a great planet uninhabited, cracked and fissured, deep-seamed and rent by volcanic fire. Deep, jarring, splitting

sounds now issue from the center of this desolate orb; it is about to fall to pieces. Its disruption will endanger the earth.

Hesperus is called. He, ranging in the twilight hour along the bounds of day and darkness, beholds with alarm a strange mustering of the Heavenly host. The balance of the worlds is unsettled, the Earth is threatened with dire catastrophe. Tempests will prevail; a great deluge will come, by the breaking of the last great watery canopy which envelops the Earth, letting in a mighty flood of waters.¹

A cry of horror burst from all the band, succeeded by a hush of fear. Then like waves that growl above the wreck, outspake Zorabah, darkest and most fierce. He would abandon this troublesome world, leave it to the wrath of Jehovah; he scorned men, and detested women and children. In his realm, he said, is an untenanted world of exceeding beauty. There, free from the offense odious

¹ See Appendix, Note 20.

to himself as to the Lord of Heaven, he would establish a kingdom greater and more glorious.

But Satan as in wrath rebuked the other. He will yield nothing to the Lord of Heaven; not even shall the approaching marriage be deferred. Naught but utter ruin can change his purpose. He owns the Earth; he holds it by might. If it be destroyed in the fury of the elements, then and not till then, shall it be abandoned. Themselves he defies the Eternal to destroy! He cannot quench the spark which He Himself has furnished and which surely could not but be immortal like Himself.¹

Ah, how art thou blinded and deceived, O fallen Spirit, once so wise!

And now Satan as rouses the courage of the other Devas by recounting the triumphs of former struggles, their passion by mention of their beautiful wives and children, their pride by thought of province and

¹ See Appendix, Note 21.

power. They must convert the Eternal's expected victory into failure, and thus aggrandize their rank to the splendors of the highest heaven.

The Strong One is bound by His own law, was the argument; by that Law they must precipitate the hour of doom! Then follow words vague and awful, like rushing meteors and roaring winds, not to be written, not to be recalled, whose import I could scarce comprehend. I only knew that by a desperate plot which involved the destruction of other planets, Earth's calamity might be averted.

Satanas ceased, and heavy thunder shook the dome; fire and smoke filled the vault; but, rising above the tumult, I heard this dreadful blasphemy:

“Honor to our Light-Bearer!
Praise to the Way-Preparer!
Glory to the God-Darer!
Satanas, our King!”

Again was heard the voice of the great Prince—"Who will lead?" All cried, "Hesperus! Hesperus!" Hesperus answered: "And hereafter reign, the equal of Satan as the King." The fires burned low, and the features of the great King grew dark, but he answered grandly: "Agreed, right royal prince. Thou only, besides Satan as, canst discern the forces. Thou, Hesperus, never clouded by fumes or Homa, never shaken with throbs of passion!

"Summon thine associates in peril and glory; seven is the mystic number. Command Loeda and Orba, twain and twain; fear not to call Koradin the mighty. At midnight depart; thou carest not for banqueting. Away! Away! Our peril admits no delay."

Mid flashing lights and sounds that jarred the Tower, with words and signs obscure and awful, the Devas departed, all but the Lord Hesperus, who retired to his chamber and closed the door.

This was my moment for flight, but by reason of fear and astonishment I was rendered powerless. However, the reflection that delay would but increase the danger of discovery gave me supernatural strength. Noislessly I crept from my place of concealment and safely outside the gate of the Tower, flew rather than ran to my retreat in the Palace. Once only I dared to glance backward. I had not been discovered. Upon the dizzy height of the dome stood Hesperus alone. His eyes, which blenched not at what confronted him, earnestly scanned the vault of heaven. Absorbed, motionless, he strove to forecast the possibilities of the morrow.

HESPERUS AND SATANAS

Evening had now fallen upon the earth. The day, sultry and hot, was over, and exhausted by its extraordinary adventures, I threw off the upper wrap with which, since

coming to Balonia, I had always concealed my head and bosom, removed the vest, and loosening my hair, suffered it to flow to my feet. How like it is to Samoula's! I unbound my sandals, and for a few moments enjoyed the repose and freedom of solitude. The Palace of Light overlooked the city, and as my chamber was in the highest tower, no intruding eye could violate its seclusion, though the latticed door where I sat was opened wide upon the small balcony to admit the evening air.

"For the moment," I exclaimed, "I am alone and safe, but oh, what danger and wrath hang over the world! I hear advancing footsteps. The Avenger hastens, the day of woe is at hand. How great is our exposure and peril! O my mother, we sleep upon a volcano; we are curtained by storm-clouds; pitfalls and snares are beneath our feet! How shall we escape destruction? O my God, how shall we escape?"

Then, retiring to the shadow of the cham-

ber, I knelt to pray. "O God of Allimades, lead me unstained from this city of Sin! Show me a way of escape, even if it be by the dreary gate of Death! But not for myself alone would I implore Thy mercy. My mother—though she die, save her from further sin! O Thou Most Holy, restore her to righteousness, undefiled by the embrace of Satan! And for one other would I dare to lift up my voice. O God of infinite mercy, Hesperus Thou didst create for glory. His sin is not so dreadful as that of his associates in rebellion. O Thou compassionate One, give him power to repent, restore him to Thy love, make him again a bright angel, strong to do Thy service, loving Thee more than others of the Heavenly host, who know not the joy of pardoned sin!"

At this instant I became conscious of a presence in the room, and heard a breathing like a deep-drawn sigh. Hastily arising, I saw in the doorway of the balcony, distinctly revealed against the evening sky, the form

of Hesperus. There was a rustle, a slight upward motion, and the form vanished. My heart beat thick with alarm, and my cheeks grew hot with shame. Hesperus, wishing to say farewell before his perilous undertaking, had come to the tower. He had seen me disrobed, had heard my prayer! The sigh—was it from wounded love or penitent sorrow?

Far too anxious and agitated for sleep, I wrapped myself in a mantle and went out upon the balcony. Presently I heard voices below in earnest conversation. I could not see the speakers, but I recognized the now familiar voice of Hesperus. "I can serve thee no longer; though this decision is made at a moment when peril stimulates courage, thou wilt not accuse me of cowardice."

"Can a Deva know madness?" asked Satanas, in a tone of incredulity. "I but return to sanity and duty," answered the other. "The Almighty Law is eternal fitness: it cannot be broken. We are not

revolutionists, but rebels, who conspire against a beneficent Ruler. I repent; I shall resist no more.”¹

“And this to one who exalts thee above all others, who now makes thee his equal? Dost thou ask favor of the Eternal—thou who hast ravished the earth, defied His law, blasphemed His name—thou, the Counselor of Satan?”

“I know not,” returned Hesperus. “I remember that I have sinned; I will sin no more. This for myself, the rest with God.” “Prince of the West,” exclaimed Satan, “this change is but the weakness of new-born passion. Aloma affects piety for her own purpose. She is but human, as thou mayst soon prove.” “Lord Satan,” said Hesperus with dignity, “the love of woman may sink an Angel to perdition, or bear him upward to the gates of glory.”

“The damsel hath bewitched thee. Accursed the hour in which she perished not

¹ See Appendix, Note 22.

with her father. She shall die when Samoula is wholly mine!" exclaimed his lord.

"Till the rites are celebrated I remain in thy service, though Zaradis, as he desires, shall command the Mystic Seven. And know thou, O Satanas, Aloma, like the Prophet, is secure, guarded by the power of the Omnipotent One."

THE PAGEANT

Coronation morning rose. At break of day the great court was astir with workmen and Darvands who were to complete the preparations. As my windows opened upon this court, the noise awakened me, and I rose and watched their labor. Towers, walls, houses and hanging gardens, all bore a festive appearance. Flags and ensigns fluttered in the breeze, garlands hung from the shaft of the great serpent, flowering shrubs and vines filled every projection, and the air was heavy with perfume. Across the great

arches were the banners, with tinkling bells wrought into the significant words:

"Satanas and Samoula."

"Queen of the Earth."

"Bride of the Sun."

Gilded pavilions were made ready to receive the queens of the other Devas, and in the center of the court rose a great throne, upon which Satanas was to crown Samoula at once Bride and Queen. This throne, of more than human grandeur, rested upon the backs of four brazen dragons, from whose mouths flowed a perpetual stream of Homa. There were no steps to the throne, but from a wide opening in the wall of the Palace, leading directly to it, was an aerial pathway resembling a broad sunbeam.

As I observed these wonders, a sudden hush pervaded the court. Each workman suspended his labor, and a subdued murmur ran through the crowd: "Make way, make way! Ormandu, the Prince of the Winds,

cometh!" The place was vacant in a moment, and an awful form, indistinct and shapeless, descended from the air to complete the decorations. Closely screened by the lattice, I fled not, but breathlessly observed his motions, wondering thereat with great amazement. He beckoned the clouds; they came, and he shook out their folds; he called the winds, and they rushed to obey his mandates; in the vast cavern of his mouth were they confined till driven forth to do his bidding. Across his vague shoulders were flung iris-hued bows, and his quiver held forked lightnings.

With fitful force he began to labor, raising from the corner towers tall columns of vapors, white and glistening as the foam of the ocean. These he united by prismatic arches thrown across the court, meeting at a point above the throne. Over the lofty 'dome thus formed, this awful being stretched a cloud-curtain rosy in hue, which softened while it did not obscure the light. From the

bosom of this cloud were reflected a thousand opaline tints, dissolving, blending, as the mass swayed in the breeze.

An occasional flash of light or a dash of hail gave intimation of danger, and explained the terror this Presence inspired. He vanished like a shadow, and a long time I remained entranced by the changeful aspects of his wonderful creation, unmindful of the passing hours, and unobservant of the assembly now thronging court and pavilion, roof and terrace.

The spell was sharply broken by a messenger, who came in haste to inform me that my presence was required by the queen. Thereupon I obeyed the summons, and was taken through a screened garden into an inner chamber exceeding all others in splendor and magnificence. Over the alabaster walls and vaulted ceiling ran a golden trellis covered with mimic vines and flowers painted in divers colors, perfumed with mist and sprinkled with gems like star-dust.

Beneath a canopy of silver lace, the couch of down was spread; around the apartment were placed gold and ivory furniture, mirrors and statues, and above all, curtains of azure, adjusted for shade or seclusion.

Within this atmosphere of light and shadow, color and perfume, stood the royal pair, unapproachable in majesty and beauty. The world had never seen a vision of such transcendent glory. Satanas, the Light-bearer, was attired in a robe of heavenly blue, bedecked with diamonds and jewelled fringe that swept the floor like dancing flames. Upon his forehead blazed a pentacle of starry gems, from which issued a spray as it were a fountain of fire, and in his hand was held a sceptre set with similar glory, while from every jewel-point quivered and flashed the light peculiar to his majestic presence.

Samoula, as Dawn, recipient and reflector of light, was draped, or, rather, enshrouded, in garments rosy and nebulous as the cloud

now overhanging the Palace. In every blushing fold lay pearls, white and lustrous, and a veil of mist and sparkling light, secured upon her forehead by a coronet of sapphire, covered but did not conceal the golden hair which rippled to her feet. Her eyes were large and brilliant like stars, her color tinted like the flush of day, and when she moved, a perfume floated in the air, sweet as the breath of morn. Beautiful Samoula, incarnation of woman's grace and loveliness, my tears fall fast for thee!

While Hesperus, grave and silent, received the orders of Satanas, I conversed with my mother apart.

"Aloma," she began, in gently chiding tones, "why art thou still in rustic garb, ill-suited to this festal day? Array thyself quickly in robes of state, that thy presence and beauty may grace our coronation." I kissed her hand in humility, and answered, "O my mother, verily God hath given me power to pierce the veil of futurity; to per-

ceive that which cannot be apprehended by outward sense. By this I am warned to take no part in these scenes. Forgive me if I but observe thee at a distance; my heart is with thee even unto the end."

"My child," she said, "thy words fill me with alarm! They are the clear echo of a dull voice within me, a reproof, a menace; my conscience is troubled, but reason is clouded. I am driven forward by an irresistible power, tangled in a net from which I cannot extricate myself. I fear yon haughty lord, yet I must obey his will. O that Allimades still lived!" At this, the only allusion to my father she had ever made, we were both greatly agitated. I restrained myself with difficulty, and soothed her, saying—

"The evil is irreparable: the diet of the Palace, its baths and perfumes, I have taken none of them, and can perceive clearly that the future will execute the decrees of the Most High. Let us hold fast the thread of faith Allimades placed in our hands, and it

will lead us, let us hope, even through fire and blood, safe to the haven of eternal rest, in God's good time." "Pray for me, my daughter," she answered, greatly moved. "I have lost the power of prayer. We part, I fear, forever. Farewell! Farewell!"

At this moment the shaft of the revolving serpent made no shadow; it was the high noon. The sounding trumpets announced that all was in readiness. Satanás took the hand of Samoula. Together they floated through the long corridor, through the broad doorway, down the aerial pavement, to their place upon the golden throne.

Profound silence reigned throughout the vast assemblage as Satanás removed from his sceptre the diamond spray, placed it in the coronet which encircled the brow of Samoula, saying, "Thus do I create thee my companion, the perfection of beauty, Bride of Satanás, Queen of the Earth and Sun."

At that instant the cloud-screen overhead was rent asunder, and a blaze of light

streamed upon the royal pair, conferring such dazzling effulgence that the astonished multitude, after a moment of stupefaction, burst into a storm of applause, shouting, "A god! a goddess! Glory to Samoula, peerless in beauty! Glory to Satanás, Light-creator, King of the Earth and the Sun!"

This blasphemous adulation of created beings filled me with horror, a feeling which seemed to find voice in a growl of thunder from a black cloud overhead, as it suddenly closed together.

And now the blare of trumpets announced the approach of the tribute-bearers, an almost interminable procession, who were this day to lay the treasures of earth and sea at the feet of the mighty Prince. The giant sons of Satanás led the van, their athletic forms clad in silver scales, and on their heads nodding plumes. Fair were they in complexion, with light, curling locks; for though the numerous wives of Satanás had been of every style of beauty, the sons resembled their

royal sire. They were mounted upon horses, whose black, glossy bodies were thickly dappled with spots, and whose fierce, rolling eyes and airy thread seemed to scorn the earth.

Following the children of Satanas came a thousand white elephants, bearing magnificent presents to the mighty monarch. Next in rank were the sons of Owadu, in armor of burnished green, seated in superb chariots drawn by harnessed lions, whose savage nature tamely yielded to the superhuman strength and fear-inspiring voices of the terrible beings who held the reins. After them, the sons of Zaradis, Saranzis, Ramudas, and other celestial princes, all mighty men, men of renown, arrayed in the costumes of their fathers' kingdoms, presenting munificent offerings to the King of earthly princes.

Snatches of conversation were wafted to my ears from various men and women in the vast assemblage, comments upon the debaucheries of the Devas, and the Darvands,

their brutal and wicked sons. The words showed me all too plainly the corruption of mind wrought in the speakers. Shame and indignation filled my soul as I drew my veil close and shrank back, realizing more fully than ever the appalling condition of the world under this perverted angelic sway. Truly these beings made the earth tremble; they shake the kingdoms, and destroy the government thereof; they listen not to the cry of the prisoner! Dazzled by the magnificence of the Devas and their giant offspring, overawed by their unscrupulous tyranny, men have abandoned the struggle, and drift with the stream of ungodliness. They say: "The Lord hath forgotten the earth, the Lord seeth not."

Yet the Prophet has ceased not to warn them that the day of wrath approaches; and now the fatal decree has gone forth. Even at this moment of exultation the footsteps of the Avenger echo along the pathway of time.

Through the long afternoon, amid plaudits of the gazing throng, the brilliant procession streamed past, bearing the wealth and glory of the world. Chariots and horses, camels and cattle, rare and curious animals from every clime, bundles of fur, bales of richest fabrics, broidered vestments, mirrors, vases, caskets of gems, gold and silver, coral, amber and treasures of the sea, baskets of fruits, strange plants, spices, perfumes, and a band of dancers and beautiful captives.

And now appeared a culminating wonder—a fleet of air-ships, winging their flight above the great assembly! These marvelous structures are the invention of a mighty Darvand who discovered in the hollow bones of birds that which would have escaped the eyes of mere mortals, the secret of flight. It has been carefully concealed, and the use of these aerial barges confined to the royal families with whose colors they are superbly decorated.

Upon the prow of each barge stood a beau-

tiful queen, who, as the ships paused on fluttering sails before the throne, gracefully dropped at the feet of the newly crowned empress tokens of admiration and loyalty. As the fleet slowly sailed away and disappeared in the overhanging mist, a strain of angelic music from the Devas proclaimed the triumph of rebellion and sensuality. O sin and shame, the dreadful guilt lauded by angel tongues!

The pageant was ended, the feast was to begin. The sun, which, through its canopy of mist, had all day long looked calmly down upon this scene of splendor, now sank in the west. Above the descending orb rolled upward billowy clouds of crimson hue; the ruddy glow stained tower and pavilion, marble colonnade and house-top. And thus, when Satanas and his bride passed up the luminous pathway into the banquet-hall, Samoula appeared immersed in a crimson tide. "Too red, too red!" abruptly exclaimed Aldeth. "My mistress seems bathed in blood!"

RETRIBUTION

The sun went down, the crimson faded and deepened to purple, gray shadows fell, and with a shiver I retired to the solitude of my own chamber, while Aldeth prepared a simple repast. Before it was finished the confusion and uproar in the banquet-hall became so great that I trembled for the safety of my mother. "Go, Aldeth," I cried, "linger near Samoula. You may be of service to your mistress, and I shall be less anxious." Left alone, I went forth upon the balcony and gave myself up to melancholy reflections.

Could I do aught for my mother? She was now irrevocably bound to Satan. In the All-Powerful God alone was help. I looked out upon the heavens. Twilight had faded into night. As my heart went out to God in prayer, a passing thrill gave token that the fetters of sense were removed. I saw celestial forms soaring upward, radiant and pure, though powerful as those of the Devas. A tremor fills the air; it wavers, faints, and dies

—again it swells upon the breeze. Is it rising wind, moaning among the palms? No! No! Voices celestial float earthward from the vanishing cloud—words are formed; they weave a requiem—the warp is music, the woof a sigh.

SONG OF THE ANGELS

Mourn—for the Star of Day
Dieth at dawn;
Weep—for the Moon's soft ray
Paleth ere morn.
No rosy blush may rise,
No perfume-breathed sighs;
The burning kiss,
The dream of bliss
To anguish turn.

Behold—the mists of death
Now darken heaven;
Listen—the roaring waves
Are madly driven!
And shrieks of wild despair
Convulse the shivering air;
Life's flame expires;
The natal fires
No longer burn!

The giant sons must die;
The Lords of Light
In caverns dark must lie,
In rayless night.
E'en Mercy sighs, "Too late!"
'Neath prison bars they wait,
In blind dismay,
The dreadful day
That seals their fate!

Like the last quiver of a bell the sound dies in the distance. But who is he that remains enwrapped in mournful thought? His face is stern and sad, his hand rests upon the hilt of a sword, his black garments rustle in the night-breeze like withered leaves, and his voice, blending with the melancholy sound, whispers—

"O hand, be firm; heart, be unrelenting; ye do but execute the decrees of the Most High."

Who is he that joins not his peers in their flight from the doomed earth? It is Azelles, Angel of Death!

I close my heavy eyes, and press my throb-

bing heart; my thoughts revert to Allimades resting beneath the cypress trees. O that I were lying unconscious by his side!

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

There was but one moment to dream, for now an awful uproar arose throughout the Palace—shouts, curses, yells; then a confused crowd rushed madly into the garden, men and giants uttering unintelligible cries.

Towering above all others, the mighty celestials pressed forward, rage and fury depicted on their dreadful faces.

And lo! the fountain of fire in the midst of the garden, moved by some infernal influence, shot up furiously into the sky, lighting with unnatural glare the great court, the palace and surrounding heights—a fearful mockery of day. The struggling crowd surged and howled forth oaths and blasphemies so horrible that I pressed my hands upon my ears to shut out the stunning words. In vain did I oppose such feeble barriers, for

high above all other sounds was heard the voice of Satan as rallying the Devas.

“To arms, to arms, celestials! The hour of fate hastens, but we will foil our hated Foe. Yet will I ascend and be like the Most High! To my victorious allies will I give the kingdoms of the world and its glory. Aladdis, the hour has come! Loosen the Steeds of the Sun!”

The vaulted dome re-echoed the voice, terrible as a roll of thunder; shouts from the maddened Devas answered the appeal, fires flashed from heaven-forged armor, and the clash of alarms swelled the distracting din. The winged Deva sped toward Mount Hermon and uttered a piercing cry, which was answered by a roar beneath the mountain, so furious that the Palace shook and the crowds shrieked with fear. The doors of the vault burst with a clang, and there rushed forth, like the blast of a furnace, horses of fire winged with flame.¹ Driven by the wind,

¹ See Appendix, Note 23.

they assumed strange, distorted shapes, smoke and light issued from their nostrils as they rapidly approached the Palace.

I grew terrified and turned to flee, when a fearful sight held me motionless. On the wall of the garden stood a dark and gloomy form, whose features of deepest melancholy, seen by sudden flashes of the Fire Fountain, I recognized to be those of Hesperus. Satan also perceived him and springing forward, he swung the sharp sword above his head. "Traitor," he shouted, "mount upwards, and receive thine honor and fortune!" "Traitor no longer," returned Hesperus; "loyal at last to my rightful King."

With a howl of rage, Satan disappeared from view. I was soon aroused by the excited entrance of our old servant, Aldeth, who began in breathless terror, "My child, awful omens have been seen. Scarce were the king and queen seated at the banquet, when a messenger (sent to inquire why the Homa fountain had ceased to flow) came in haste

and informed Satanas that the water in the wells had suddenly sunk and the bed of the river was dry.

“‘Strike off the head of the liar,’ commanded the enraged king. ‘My lord,’ interposed the Counselor, ‘death on a wedding day is but an evil omen.’ Satanas paused: not so the sword of the executioner. One swift blow, and the head of the unfortunate messenger rolled upon the floor.

“A strange light now filled the banquet-hall, and on the ceiling ran letters of fire traced by no mortal hand. The green serpent in the golden tank threw himself violently out of the water, his red crest erect, and with horrible hissing and convulsions expired.

“At this moment Zorabab rushed in—one of the chiefest of the Devas. His countenance was distorted by rage, and he roared like the roar of a mighty cataract. ‘Besotted fools,’ he cried, ‘forgetful of our tremendous emprise, you are wantoning away moments

upon which hang the fate of Eternity, I could hate you as I hate the weak race to which your sensual bodies are enslaved! Driveling idiots, leave your women and banqueting! Zaradis and his force have been forced to flee. Up and away! Unless you act at once with mighty vigor, all is lost! lost!! lost!!!

“Without waiting to reprove the presumptuous Zorabah, Satanas, with all the other Devas, sprang from the table, seized their armor, and exchanging fearful words and tokens, rushed forth. The ladies conveyed the queen from the hall before I could gain access to her.” While Aldeth yet spake, a piercing scream rang out through the now empty corridors, a cry of mortal anguish. Startled from the paralyzed condition into which I had fallen, I flew along the halls, followed closely by the affrighted Aldeth, the song of the Angels resounding in memory—

“Weep—for the Moon’s soft ray
Paleth ere morn.”

We reached the door of the bridal chamber. O sight of woe! There, prone upon the marble floor, lay the beautiful form of my mother, writhing in the agonies of death. The steel had done its work, the lifeblood poured fast from the cruel wound in her bosom. Yet was she still conscious, and as I, sobbing, embraced her, she whispered faintly—"Saved, O my daughter!" Then her violet eyes were closed in death.

Frantic with grief and terror, I dashed away the restraining arms of Aldeth, and rushed out into the pale moonlight. All was quiet in court and palace, but afar could be heard a confused sound like the surges of ocean. As I passed the wall from which a few moments previous I had seen the form of Hesperus, I groaned aloud—"O night of death and woe! O my mother! O Hesperus! O my God!"

A deep sigh answered, and from the dense shadow of the wall came back the words: "O my God!"

There was such pathos in the tone that, forgetting my own grief and fear, I turned toward the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and there, pale but firm in courage, stood Hesperus. I hastened to his side, and for an instant he took my hand and pressed it closely in his.

"Aloma, I repent fully of my disloyalty to God. Nevermore will I be a rebel against my holy Creator. No more will I take the form of a human. I must again assume my normal spirit condition. I shall never forget you. Now I must say, Goodbye, and may God be ever with you!" In a moment Hesperus had vanished, and I stood alone.

THE PROPHETESS ALOMA'S VISION

Raising my heart in thankfulness to God I quickly sped along, scarce knowing whither I went. The men of the city, uncertain of purpose, had fled to the Tower of Satanas, and a hushed fear, as of some impending calamity, had fallen on the women and chil-

dren. I paused not until I found myself beyond the limits of the deserted city, and coming upon an open plain, gazed long and earnestly into the southern sky. By the tremor that agitated my frame, by the increasing luminosity of the dim stars, by a clearer vision of the shrouded full-orbed moon, and by the intensified quickening of every sense, I was conscious of the superhuman power.

Then, in vision, I went out, past sun and moon, past grand and solemn orbs, through fields of drifting stars, out into cold and darksome space, till I hung upon the verge of God's Infinity. I perceived the Invisible, the Inaudible, the Intangible, that which unaided mortal sense can never comprehend.

I looked upon the Energies of Nature! Wheels within wheels, forever turning, changing, returning. Impalpable resistance, imponderable weight. Nor night nor discord, age or death. Swift as thought, firm as the will of God. There dwells Eternal Order! There dwells Eternal Noon!

Beneath a dome clear as crystal I saw the Dial of Time. There are the cycles measured, there are recorded the immeasurable eternities. And above all was the Great Center, which binds the sweet influences of the stars. At this sight I trembled and cried out with fear lest it might be loosened and crash through all the worlds. But a mighty angel answered my fear, saying, "Omnipotence alone can loosen the bands established by Eternal Will. Child of earth, look thou westward."

Straining my eyes through illimitable plains of ether, I perceived a long line of worlds, stretching in almost endless continuity. One immense star was wheeling into place, silent, sublime, awful!

In a moment more the angel spake again. "Behold, O child of earth!" I followed with my eyes to where he directed with his golden wand. His eyes were fastened on the great Dial, and following their inclination, I perceived that the index was slowly sinking to

the lowest point of the great circle, beneath which in letters black as night, I discerned the inscription: "The Hour of Doom."

Again I followed the solemn eyes of the angel, which now were fixed with intense eagerness upon a luminous spot high above the atmosphere of the earth. There, like a phantom host in battle array, I saw the rebel angels upon their steeds of flame, and by his superior brightness knew that Satanah held command. In the thickest of the conflict between the powers of darkness and the powers of light, the towering form of the great opponent of God flashed forth a blaze that dazzled and appalled all who opposed him. O intensest demoniacal rage, O majestic wrath of Heaven, how can mortal speak their power!

Before this infernal blast of demon-fury the angelic band seemed to slowly give way, and the triumphant voice of Satanah, clear but distant, rang out like a mighty trumpet. "Princes of Satanah, the battle is won; the

earth is ours! We defy the Strong One! We will yet reign in power equal to the Eternal upon His Throne!"

Then the heavens stood aghast, the earth was shaken, the stars grew pale and circled more slowly on their wheels of fire! All nature shuddered at the possible consummation. At this moment a sudden hush, a pulseless silence, fell on all created things, as from the northern sky, stretching across the ethereal vault, there appeared—the *Shadow of a Hand!*

Without delay or haste, the Shadow moved forward and fell upon the host of demons, who, elated with their assurance of victory, perceived not its advance. Suddenly a spasm as of cold passed over them, the fire slowly faded, ashy pallor overspread every face, the strong pinions drooped, the weapons fell from their nerveless hands, despair took possession of each of these fallen angels.

Colder and darker grew the host, sinking

lower and lower, when, with the suddenness of a flash of light, a great comet, which in the absorbing interest of this supreme moment had been rapidly approaching unseen, swerved to one side and gradually circled around them, condensing and hardening as it passed under the Shadow of the Hand, until they were hopelessly encompassed and bound in adamantin bonds.

A faint blue flame parting from the one time Light-bearer gave token of the last struggle, as deeper and darker the incarnation of despair sank into the rayless gloom of the black, unfathomable abyss of earth's atmosphere.

The Shadow then moved till it reached the crystal dome; and then the pointer on the dial trembled to the Hour of Doom. Too late, too late, to save the kingdom of the Devas! All is lost! Again deep silence fell on all created things; then, like the solemn chime of bells came voices of the Heavenly hosts in antiphonal chant: "Glory, glory,

forevermore! Thou alone art mighty, Lord God Omnipotent!"

When I awoke I was as one dead, without sense or motion, lying prone upon the cold earth.

* * * *

How long I was insensible I know not, but with returning consciousness I heard the voices of men in great agitation. "It surely seems," said one, "that the old monomaniac's words are to come true. What doth it all portend?" "Listen," exclaimed another, pausing breathless near the place where I was; "heard you not a sigh? What fills the air? A crash, a breath, a whisper! Let us fly! Whither shall we go? Where is Satan? Why comes he not to control the Power of the Air?" In terror they ran forward, stumbling in the darkness, leaving me scarcely less affrighted than themselves.

At this moment of perplexity as I stood in bewilderment, not knowing where to turn, I heard one calling my name—"Aloma,

Aloma!" Sweeter than the music of an angel was the voice coming through the gloomy night.

"O Japheth," I cried, as I fell into his extended arms, "my mother is murdered, the north tower is burned, Aldeth must have perished—"

"But I am with you, my beloved," said he; "the barriers that separated us are removed, and wilt thou not be mine?" And I answered, "Dear Japheth, I am thine."

Carefully we groped our way along toward the Tebah into which Japheth told me the family were now removing. He also informed me that being near the Palace when the alarm was sounded, he entered the halls and sought me in vain; but among the women who had gathered around the body of the murdered queen was poor Aldeth, almost stupefied with terror.

He roused her and together they went to my chamber, hoping that I might have fled thither. Not finding me, Japheth proposed

that such articles as belonged to me should be removed from the Palace to the habitation of the Prophet, to which it was possible I might have retreated. Being convinced that the great catastrophe was near, he hired some idlers who stood in the halls, and soon everything was transferred to the Tebah. But the lost one was not there; whereupon old Aldeth went back to await my return. Alas, it was to meet her fate, for in a few minutes the tower fell and all within perished. What caused its fall is not known. Faithful old servant and friend! She has gone to her rest to await the awakening from death to restitution, when Paradise shall be restored to Earth, in the Judgment Day.

Meantime Japheth sought me through the darkness, directed by a peculiar aureola which encircled my head. The nature of this he did not understand, but in my heart I felt that it was the lingering glory of the vision given me. Trembling and weary, we reached the much-desired haven, where our

anxious friends gave us cordial welcome. None questioned as to my absence from the Palace and I told the vision to none; to no other human eye was it revealed.

After some much needed refreshment, I retired to the little room Japheth had unwittingly prepared for my reception. Here, among the articles so hastily removed from my chamber in the Palace, I found my journal and before the events of this day of wonders fade from my memory, I confide to it the secrets I can entrust to no other.

This night, by the solemn words of the Prophet and my own irrevocable vow, I have been united to Japheth in the sacred bonds of marriage. The unusual circumstances hastened this event. An unparalleled tragedy is about to transpire. The desolation of a world!

Was ever wife so wedded? Was ever a marriage journey so begun? Our love had birth in danger and gloom, dire portents in earth and heaven attend our nuptials, and

shrouded horror hangs over the race of men. May that powerful *Hand*, whose shadow can sink to despair the hosts of mighty Satanas, control the elements now gathering for devastation and carry us safely through that perilous voyage in which there is neither map nor chart, rudder nor compass, sun nor star, to guide.

The memory of this night's experience overpowers me; I can scarce trust my own recollection. Was it an illusion, or have I indeed been permitted to behold the Spirit World and witness the mystery and majesty of God's Power in the energies of Nature? As I look forth into the night and upward to Him, the answer and assurance is given. Slowly, fearfully, I turn to the West. There, high above the dusky mountain, like a smile shining through tears, still trembles the Evening Star!

THE TEBAH AND ITS INMATES

Sixth Day.

THE first day of my new life is made memorable by other marvels.

We were awakened at dawn by a deep roar, as of a wild beast coming down the valley. Hurrying to the door an extraordinary sight met our eyes. A large lion with his mate stood irresolute upon the bank of the river. He bent his shaggy head to the earth, smelling the ground as if he perceived something unusual, then stopped abruptly, looked up to the sky, sniffed the air, roared again and ran forward. Frightened by his savage mien, we all hastily retreated, except the Prophet, who went out to meet him.

The ferocious beast crouched low, dragged himself upon the ground and crept close to the master, fawning and rubbing against his side. The Prophet fondled the lion as he would a dog and led him unresistingly

through the door of the Tebah, into a narrow stall at the farthest end of the boat. His mate passively followed; the bar was raised and they were made secure.

This event was so significant that a solemn silence fell upon us; but we had little time to consider before a loud bellow was heard and a huge elephant with his mate came plunging across the plain, throwing his trunk in the air and sniffing in fear as the lion had done. He also came near and suffered himself to be led quietly to his quarters in the boat. Soon a frightened stag and doe peeped timidly over the hill and surveying our party for a moment, came to the place where we were standing; two beautiful dogs followed them, but looked not upon the game, only upward at the sky and howled.

And now the valley seemed alive with animals, thronging over the hills and swarming from the groves. None molested another; all seemed urged forward by the instinct that

danger was abroad and safety with the Prophet.

The sons of Noah assiduously aided the father, and without confusion the patient brutes were bestowed in the places assigned them. Presently the familiar note of a wood-thrush caught my ear, and looking upward, I perceived a tree near by filled with feathered songsters and fowls of many species. With the enticement of grain scattered upon the ground they followed us and were easily settled in their new home.

Meantime a crowd of idlers had gathered to witness this extraordinary scene. Some, jeering the Prophet, inquired why he had concealed his magic under the pretense of piety and defied him to frighten them by this exhibition of black art. Some endeavored to drive back the animals, but were repulsed by angry growls, or a snap of the teeth too fierce to be again invited. Some looked on stupidly, while the more thoughtful seemed puzzled, and said, "What means this unnat-

ural course of the wild animals? They sniff the air as if in fear and quietly submit themselves to be imprisoned in this strange building which appears prophetically arranged for their reception. Is it possible the mad Prophet has told the truth?"

"You speak folly," said another. "Wonders will never cease while the world stands; these animals are governed by some law with which we are unacquainted; our sages must be consulted."

"Let us not forestall trouble," said still another. "Believe in danger when it appears. The end comes soon enough. How hot the day grows!"

Indeed, the heat had become intense, and after the hold of the vessel was full, we ceased from receiving the animals and sought refreshment and repose.

Toward evening Japheth took me to examine this marvelous building. The beasts, dull and sleepy, gave little heed to our coming, though sometimes they started and ut-

tered a cry of fear. Their quarters are divided from those of the family by a thick wall that excludes all sound and yet is arranged to admit a sufficiency of fresh air. Food and drink are in abundant store: but, being closely confined and quiet, it is thought they will require little care.

Years was the Tebah in building, according to instructions given our venerable father Noah in a vision, which instructions were most faithfully carried out. Nothing that could contribute to our comfort has been overlooked. Many men were employed in its construction to whom it was an inexplicable mystery. The building of such an elaborate vessel was considered the height of folly by interested but unbelieving neighbors. But, nevertheless, the Lord blessed Noah and the work prospered.

The three sons labored tirelessly to complete the Tebah at the appointed time. This exercise assisted in their developing into strong and graceful men. Many difficulties

arose taxing their ingenuity. The overcoming of these increased their love and reverence for the Great Architect, whose plans they were endeavoring to carry out.

In finishing the individual apartments for the members of the family the preferences of each were lovingly considered and great was our joy at the completion of the work. My own room, though small, is beautiful. Had I expressed my preferences I could not have been so greatly pleased. The colors are soft and harmonious, the furniture simple and appropriate.

My writing materials have been placed on a beautiful little ivory table. What a wonderful little gold, diamond pointed pen! From Japheth, I suppose. Through the window with its translucent material streams the light, and it can be adjusted to admit the air. There are several ferns tastefully distributed around the room which I shall enjoy caring for, and noting their growth. My heart is full of love and joy at this moment as my

husband enters and we spend much time in loving conversation.

We have been in the Tebah for seven days and there has been a solemn hush over everything! A tense feeling of expectancy. The door is closed. This was done by an unseen hand and we know the time has arrived! How quiet everything is! The calm before the storm.¹

I hear voices of men and Darvands under our window. They say that wild animals are now wandering about and ravaging the country. The speakers without crouch under the shadow of the Tebah, greatly terrified. Their words are frightful—they curse the heated air, they curse the Devas for their continued absence; they curse themselves, and God.

After the morning repast and a sacrifice of unusual solemnity, we sat for a long time in silent meditation. Soon the voice of the Prophet broke the stillness: "The time has

¹ See Appendix, Note 24.

come. Soon will the valley of Balonia and the realms of all the Devas be naught but the bed of a raging sea, upon which, by the mercy of God, we shall ride in safety. Thus will the Lord vindicate our faith in the eyes of all. God's wisdom will be made manifest. The multitudes have been warned in vain; they have lost their opportunity; they must die. However, there is hope for them in the future. God has revealed to me that He has a blessing for all in the distant future, providing, of course, they will at that time prove themselves worthy of the blessing. But the Darvands—their very existence is contrary to the will and law of the Lord. They must perish forever in their incorrigible wickedness. The earth will never see them more!" He paused a moment: "Hark! the muttering rumble of the heavens. Even now the tempest gathers, which shall add to the horrors of the sea."

Again we relapsed into silence unbroken save by the loud complaints of the passers-

by and by the moans of the animals, who instinctively feel the coming woe. Four moons ago I wrote in this journal my father's words: "Shut out of the world in this lonely forest, your life will be eventless." Ah, how rapid has been the march of events! But I cannot stop to review the past. It seems a wonderful providence of the Holy One that though bereaved of my parents I am surrounded by a family fast becoming as dear to me as my own. My brothers and their wives I love; at first for Japheth's sake, but now for their own. Shem's beautiful wife, Asenath, is very quiet and dignified, while Ham's Junia is just the opposite. Junia is irrepressible naturally, but even she is sobered by these transcendent events. Noah's wife, Lydia, is most beautiful of all. I think Japheth looks like his mother. And Noah has indeed been a loving father to me. I married his favorite son and that partly accounts for his fondness for me.

After the sun went down, showing but

dimly through the mist, we rose and prepared for watching the skies and other outward portents betokening the coming Deluge. The tremendous tragedy overshadowing our own lives rendered us all silent. The moon was at its full. An increasing light in the east gave token of its approach. "The Flood-tide," said the Prophet, "will soon be upon us. Even if the Devas should now return and attempt the removal of their retinues in waiting at Balonia it could not be accomplished. They would be met on every side by the advancing waters and their overthrow hastened. They must renounce forever now their assumed bodies of flesh and return to their normal condition to be bound in fetters by the Almighty. Their giant sons they will see no more forever. In a few hours the Deluge will inevitably reach us; but fear not, my children; let your faith in God be manifested in the midst of the very terrors that surround us; they are but the fulfillment of His immutable word."

Silently, with eyes and ears strained to catch every portent of what was about to come, we sat by the window and watched the blood-stained moon slowly mount the heavens; for in the ominous silence we knew an implacable sentry held ward, one that the bravest can scarcely meet without dread—Azelles, the Angel of Death!

THE HOUR OF DOOM

Soon after midnight we heard a sound in the air like a shriek, or wail, passing over the valley. Afterward came short sudden gusts, succeeded by hollow intervals of intense calm. Breathless we listened. All was confused, inharmonious, dissonant. The Spirits of the Air seemed to be in distress. There were voices in complaint—moaning, angry vociferation. A sullen, far-off roar caused the earth to tremble. I covered my head to shut out all sense and compel oblivion. In vain! As faint dawn glimmered feebly

in the East, a heavy blast swirled down from the North with a force that shook our building and chilled us to the bone. In a few moments came a hot wind from the opposite direction; the air was filled with dust and at the same time an unusual dampness was felt.

Unconsciousness of the awful certainty could be no longer feigned. "O Japheth," I cried, "Azelles and the Prince of the Power of the Air rage in darkness above the valley and the earth shudders!" We rose hastily and all stood in silence with bowed heads and faces covered.

We then approached the broad window; one glance upward and we shrank aghast from the appalling sky. Around the cramped, distorted horizon a lurid haze had settled. Over this crawled a great mass of tawny vapor and high above was a dome of black clouds, like great rocks rolling in the skies.

Yet no wind now stirred the leaves; a

painful, awful stillness brooded over all. The city was aroused. Housetop and towers became crowded with men gazing at the portentous heavens. Suddenly, as by a common impulse, all eyes were turned to the North, whence had come but shortly before the chill blast and terrible shudder.

O sight of horror, before which even the heart of the boldest Deva must quail! Entirely across the entrance of the valley, crowding the very mountaintops, appeared a mighty wall, tottering, crashing, falling, pressed forward by some invisible power. Upon its awful front, in confusion which dazed the sight, were borne timbers, fragments of buildings, earth, rocks and mutilated bodies of animals and creatures of the sea. But most dreadful of all, tossed in uncertain motion, were the ghastly corpses of dead men and women and children.

Beyond and above, heaped against the lowering sky, were seen oncoming cold, angry seas, raging breakers, monster water-

spouts, clutching the clouds and roaring as if all the waters of the world were dashed together in a frenzy of destruction. With piercing shrieks the crowds turned to flee, but lo! another horror—another flood hung above the city, borne onward from the South—the Oceans of Death were closing above the valley. Paralyzed with fear and despair, all stood motionless, till a cry arose—

“To the hills, to the hills!” Then up the rocky steep they rushed—strong men and Darvands, delicate women, confused childhood, panic-stricken by the fear of imminent death. As the mass pressed madly on, many were dashed over the rocks and fell shrieking into the gulf below.

Strange power of the human mind! Amid the wild unreality of that tremendous scene, as in a picture surrounded by most terrible accessories, I saw and recognized in the flying crowd some of the attendants of the Palace and other royal households. One group impressed itself as vividly as the

lightning flash that revealed it—a beautiful woman (her dress a queen's) with an infant pressed to her snowy bosom, while by the hand she led a child whose strong features and powerful limbs too surely betrayed a celestial parentage. Her hair and garments streamed in the wind, which she vainly strove to breast, and her voice of despair sounded shrill above the roar of the storm—"Save us, O Owadu, save us!"

Alas! far from the reach of her voice, in chains of darkness, was Owadu, awaiting the Judgment of the Last Day!

In another instant all sense and feeling were absorbed in the jarring shock that we ourselves experienced. The floods rushed together, sky and ocean mingled, the writhing vapors were torn by a mighty force, the floodgates of heaven were opened and an inundation from the clouds swelled the wild waters already surging through the valley. The sharp lightning flashes split the heavy vault, the dun air was whirled into a tornado,

the winds shrieked and howled like infuriated demons, twisting and tearing everything in their course. To increase the horrible distraction and din, immense flocks of birds and bats of every description were hurtled through the darkening air into the greedy wave, despite helpless screams and violent flutterings.

And now approached the unimaginable horror. An earthquake, of awful violence, rocked the valley, one moment stretching it out like a plane, tossing the wreckage to the very clouds and the next sinking so deep that the mountain-tops seemed about to topple over and crush us. The mighty billows in quick succession roared above the hills and anon settled into a trough of inky blackness. A fierce antagonism of fire and flood ensued, the ribs of earth were cracked, its crust was rent asunder, subterranean fires belched forth and a terrible eruption of hissing water and melted rock, with chaos and darkness, shut us in.

The avalanche hung over us for a breath and then descended. Above the howling of the storm, the roaring waters and bellowing earthquake, an awful crash was heard. The vessel staggered, heaved and spun around in the boiling maelstrom like a dry leaf in a gale. O that horrible, sickening swirl!

Dizzy and stunned, we fell prostrate, the color forsook our faces, the warm current of life was frozen, our hearts almost ceased to beat; we were within the jaws of death, we sank into an abyss! O our God, shield us and protect us from this fearful hour! was the cry of each heart.

Then the Tebah made a tremendous lurch, plunged completely under water, trembled in every joint, righted again and crashing through a thousand wrecks, came up unharmed.

"God be praised!" exclaimed our father Noah, "we are afloat!"

And with pale, earnest lips we all echoed, "God be praised!"

PERIL AND GLOOM

The torrents of destruction were yet contending for mastery. At one time that from the North would prevail and drive us almost upon the remaining towers of the city. Again we were dashed back the length of the valley by the torrent from the South. Entangled among wrecks which covered the mighty surge, the timbers of our staunch vessel groaned and creaked as if they would part. We could feel the commotion from beneath as we were helplessly dragged across rocks, tree-tops and submerged buildings.

But our Ark of shelter was planned by a Divine Architect, even by Him who sent the Deluge, for He knew it would be required in this hour of unexampled peril. Our great bark lived in a boiling, tempestuous sea where the stateliest ship would have been shattered to fragments.

After many days of convulsive turmoil, the storm somewhat subsided though the

waters still rose rapidly along the hill-sides. We breathed more freely and our father Noah looked after the frightened beasts, from whom we had heard occasional moans of pain and fear. At length, with half-averted gaze, we ventured to again approach the window. O vision of gloom! The heavens were gathering blackness and heavy masses of cloud were driving across the murky sky. The lurid moon was drowned in a black, watery mist; its feeble sickly light revealed the dim outlines of the horror by which we were surrounded. We were drifting near a mountain of unfamiliar outline, whose top was crowded with living beings in every attitude and aspect of despair. Women and children there were none. Their feeble natures had yielded long before this terrible consummation. But men and Darvands, animals, birds, serpents, were all crowded in indistinguishable confusion. Some sat in motionless apathy, with despairing faces upturned to the pall-like sky.

Some with frantic cries and outstretched arms wildly implored our aid, others with insane laughter sprang into the awful waters, in desperate attempts to reach our vessel.

But shrieks of terror, strangled cries of the dying and the howl of beasts, were in an instant hushed, as the densest darkness suddenly swallowed all! And now a terrific storm again burst forth in renewed fury. Heaven and earth were shaken by fearful bursts of thunder; incessant and awful flashes of lightning illumined the night. Rain came down in torrents! Before this dreadful time, the earth had known no rain; therefore the incredulous had paid no heed to Noah's repeated warnings of the coming deluge. And now it appeared as though windows were opened in heaven and the flood poured forth with resistless fury. To the poor people perishing in the flood, the sight of so much rain descending from the heavens seemed most strange and terrible.

We could hear the swollen breakers roar-

ing over the mountain-steeps. Feeble daylight at length struggled faintly through the enveloping shroud of darkness and we could see many dead bodies floating all around us; later, thicker darkness shut us in. Our noble father Noah was a pillar of strength to us all through these dark days and cheered and comforted us in our deep distress. Who can describe the anguish caused by witnessing the desolation of a world! Yet we preserved a measure of tranquillity, even in the midst of universal destruction, knowing that this was but a just retribution permitted by the All-Powerful One as a lasting example of the results of disobedience.

Again and again did day blacken into night of only a deeper shade of blackness. Then the long night would pale into a semblance of day. We would welcome even the faintest rays of light and eagerly awaited the cessation of the tempest.

Finally, the Prophet spake to us in words of comfort: "My dear ones, God Almighty,

the All-Powerful One, has preserved us from the ravening floods when we were utterly helpless. Forever blessed be His name! He will always be mindful of the obedient. He hath chosen us out of all the world, unworthy though we are, to continue the human race. Now we have come through this great flood and remain alive, let us now partake of food that our strength may revive for I perceive that you all look pale and wan from want of food and sleep. Later my good wife will prepare you a soothing drink of herb leaves which will induce sleep."

Accordingly we ate food and partook of the warm drinks, then retired for a much needed rest. My head scarcely touched the pillow of my couch ere I was lost in a profound slumber, too deep to admit of dreams. When I awakened I was surprised to find that the water had become comparatively calm. We seemed to have settled into a sheltered place, where we were not shaken by billows and winds.

Our life within our marvelous Tebah now began to be conducted in a more orderly fashion. Every one went about his or her duties more cheerfully, with a sense of deep gratitude for so great a deliverance. Each tried to make the other happy and I learned that Noah's sons were resourceful men, adept in many arts and sciences acquired from their ancestors.

My love of study was now somewhat gratified. The family of Noah possessed many rare and wonderful manuscripts containing histories of former events. From these I eagerly selected one written by Enoch before his Translation. It appeared from this that Enoch was only three hundred years old when our first father Adam died and had heard from Adam's own lips of all that happened from Creation down to his own day. In reading this valued manuscript I shed many tears over the account of the entrance of sin into our world. How little did our mother Eve realize what her beloved chil-

dren would suffer for her thoughtless deed. I was reading this account when Japheth entered and finding me in tears gently inquired the cause and was relieved to find that they were induced by an ancient sorrow.

THE CORONAL OF HESPERUS

The rain descends incessantly. A black mist enshrouds the horizon. Yesterday the little family assembled in our mother's apartment and I read from the writings of Allimades a story of olden times: "The Love of Endymion, a Star-spirit, for Orrobia, Princess of the Kingdom of Nourma." We were all much affected by the great trials and virtue of the princess, unshaken even to her very end, when the gate of death closed upon her fair form and Endymion could see her no more.

This story was a gift from my father when I was but a child. Often had I retired to the recesses of the forest to linger over the

scroll and dream undisturbed of the fortunes of Orrobia. How mysterious then seemed the love of a Star-spirit for a mortal maiden! And now is the mystery solved? Alas, no!

The sadness of my heart increased and fearing some word or look might betray it, I presently withdrew to the solitude of my own chamber. Here I looked once more upon the memorials of my former life—the treasures and parchments of Allimades, the shawl and robe wrought by Samoula's hand and the rare utensils, Minerva's dying gift.

The bodies of these, my loved ones, now lie beneath the mighty waves. In death they will sleep their long sleep—perchance many cycles until the awakening time and Paradise is restored on earth. All except the repentant Deva, Hesperus. Ah, Hesperus!—though now chained with other fallen angels, in the distant future, when thy Day of final Judgment has come, thou wilt come forth purified, restored, forgiven!

My eyes fell upon the jewel-casket, his

gift, which poor Aldeth had conveyed from the Palace—the last service of her devoted life, who also now sleeps beneath the heaving billows. The casket has never been opened. I might now look upon its contents. With trembling fingers I pressed the spring. It unclosed; a soft perfume was exhaled and a light vapor passed from an ivory tablet which bore these words:

Sigh with me, Aloma,
Answer sigh by sigh;
Drink with me, Aloma,
The cup of ecstasy.

Love with me, Aloma,
Then shall bliss unknown,
Born of angel's passion
Ever be thine own.

I raised the tablet, and beneath, upon a silken cushion, lay a diadem of rarest beauty—a wreath of silver lilies, exquisitely wrought and frosted snowy white. Depending from the slender filaments were quiver-

ing pearls and deep in the heart of each delicate flower an opal flowed like smothered fire. Ah, Hesperus!

Tears dropped from my eyes upon the precious garland. I hear the footsteps of my husband. Why do I fear that he will find me weeping! He looks upon my grief with sad surprise, discovers the casket, divines the cause of my tears, reverently takes the glistening crown from its repose, places it upon my forehead, saying, "Aloma, my queen!"

Dear Japheth, how gently didst thou remind me that henceforth my realm must be only where thou art king!

After a few moments of thoughtful silence my husband spoke again—"Beloved, your life before the happy hour when first we met is to me unknown." I comprehended his reasonable desire and without reserve confided to him my strange history, at which he marveled greatly and forgave my tears, embraced me tenderly and in return for such confidence related many wonderful events of

his own life, adventures he had had, and how he was at various times wonderfully delivered by the power of God from falling into the power of the wicked Star-spirits and the powerful and treacherous Darvands, their giant sons.

THE TIDE TURNS

Evening.

It is now the forty-eighth day since we entered the Tebah. Several remarkable things occurred yesterday. Early in the morning I was awakened by a shaft of sunlight streaming into my chamber through the window. Its brilliance was dazzling. I had never beheld anything so bright and wonderful before.

What strange phenomenon is this? I thought within myself as I ran to the window and awestruck beheld the sun rising in the East, a huge ball of golden fire tinging all the sky around it with waves of vivid

color. I was lost in admiration and wonder.

What had happened? It had ceased raining and the sun was unveiled for the first time to human eyes. Vaguely at first I comprehended the significance of the sun's new glory. Hitherto the sun had been veiled by this watery ring which had now descended. The waves were still rippling toward the Tebah and were all tinged with gold reflecting the radiance of the sun.

Were the others aware of this new beauty? Quickly robing I ran to the general room where the family was wont to meet. I found all gathered together and after exchanging morning greetings learned that my experience had been shared by all. We then joined in reverent prayer of praise and thanksgiving, led as usual by the honored head of the family.

Shem retired to his own quarters and inspired by this event composed a sacred song expressing our joy over this occurrence.

Then he joined us and with beaming face chanted it for our benefit, accompanying it with the soft tones of the harp.¹ Everything now took on a new air of cheerfulness and everybody went about their daily occupations with the new song on their lips.

I slowly became aware, at first refusing to credit my observations, that Ham did not seem to join in our devotions as heartily as the rest. His careless remarks and lack of filial respect often causes his father and mother to display an anxious expression which they endeavor to hide from all.

We all eagerly awaited the appearing of the moon and stars in the evening, being informed by Noah that they would present a spectacle equally wonderful to the rising of the sun. Nor were we disappointed in our expectations, for pale but serenely beautiful appeared the moon slowly ascending from the horizon, the tranquil waters reflecting the golden glow. In the blue vault of

¹ See Appendix, Note 25.

heaven the stars began to make their appearance in bewildering number and varied beauty. We watched them in fascinated silence.

At length Noah spoke and said, "Hear my voice and hearken unto my speech: the God of all flesh hath revealed unto my forefathers that this mighty deluge marks a great epoch in the history of the world, to be succeeded by other ages, in which Satan as will endeavor to outwit the Almighty and will apparently succeed, only to be completely vanquished in the end by a mighty one who will come in the name of the Lord. May His gracious will be accomplished and may we, His children, abide faithful and awake to behold the Paradise regained."¹

Many other things did Noah relate to us, too many to record here, but suddenly Japheth, who had been watching the waters, exclaimed: "The waters are receding." This discovery was soon confirmed by all. We

¹ See Appendix, Note 26.

began to wonder how long we would yet be confined in our Tebah.

AZELLES

This evening I stood alone and watched the waves, as in capricious play with the wind they rippled against the sides of our vessel. Twilight brooded over the boundless ocean—a sea where naught hath breath; no cities on its shores, no islands on its bosom, no ships plowing its waves, nor birds skimming the surface, only infinite tranquillity and silence—and the night. The Tebah drifted in the soft breeze, the darkness deepened and a shadow fell upon my soul as memory recalled the past.

It was but a short time, and yet it seemed an age, since I listened to the wind in the cypress-tops and to the sound of the river flowing on, calm as the current of my life. Ah, what unexpected depths of passion, what strange events awaited me! Only He

who can read the secrets of the hearts knows the struggle, the difficulties through which He has permitted me to pass. With no human guide to direct, no one to understand but He who is the Father of the fatherless. A nameless melancholy fills my heart.

Upon a rock projecting from the water stood motionless a tall figure enshrouded in black robes, leaning upon a heavy sword, and as we floated near, I recognized the dread form of Azelles, the Dark Angel! His eye swept over the waste of waters and I heard these words:

“The work is finished, the decrees of the Most High are fulfilled and I go to Him from whom I came.”

So saying he loosened his black cowl and mantle and cast them with his sword into the sea; for the insignia of pain and woe are not permitted to enter the realm of Heaven.

As he soared upward, there was revealed a form so ineffably fair, a face so radiant with eternal youth, that in sudden surprise,

scarce conscious of my words, I murmured: "O beautiful angel, no longer disguised, I see thee as thou art, the angel of Life! Leave not the world so soon. I would partake of thy life!"

At this moment a hand was laid on my shoulder and a voice spake softly, "Dost thou dream, Aloma?" I turned toward the speaker and my eyes met those of Japheth. His arms enfolded me and the vision vanished.

ALOMA FORETELLS THE GLORY OF THE JAPHETIC TRIBES

Fourth Moon.

Since the night of the departure of Azelles from the earth, Japheth seldom leaves me alone. He saw not the angel, but my words alarmed him; and so it happened that when I came this evening to enjoy the fading light he came also and sat by my side.

We never tire of watching the sun sink into the waste of waters, transforming the heavens to a mass of glorious color, gradually fading to paler shades and fainter glow until the last ray disappears.

Japheth broke the eloquent silence (I have found one can be silent with those they love) with the words: "Aloma, I have a peculiar love for the setting sun. I have often wondered what land it looks upon as it passes from our sight. In the West there is some attraction which I cannot resist; my eyes turn thither and my heart follows. Does it not seem strange to you, my beloved?"

"Japheth," I answered, "I understand; the same impulse impels me, even at this moment!"

Though the hot blood suffused my face as I spoke, I faltered not.

"My husband, thou art rightly called Extension: thy children and mine will ever journey to the West; our hearts do but precede their footsteps. An Illumination from

the Holy One comes to me. I can pierce the cloud of futurity and see the majestic but awful pageant of human life move down the path of time—onward, resting never, merged in the ocean of Infinity!

“The sons of Japheth are a little band; the band increases to a tribe, the tribe becomes mighty nations. Like a whirlwind they sweep toward the West. Their sons are mighty warriors. None more fair than the daughters of Japheth. I hear the noise of battle, the thunder of engines of war! Javan and Tubal emblazoned on hostile banners. Alas that sons of mine should meet in mortal combat. Still the power of the serpent prevails, setting brother against brother. The children of Javan obtain universal sway—another mighty conflict and Elam arises to rule the world.¹ Again the world is drenched in blood, a people of a small country but mighty in deeds of war wrench the dominion from the children of Shem.

¹ See Appendix, Note 27.

"Cities arise in the wilderness! Waste places bloom like a garden. Multitudes fill the earth and subdue it.

"Westward still press the sons of Japheth; whither the bright sun leads they follow. I see floating palaces like our Tebah upon the stormy seas; they depend not upon the wind but move by a power within themselves. They send messages that speed as the lightning. Upon the land are chariots of iron and wood which go swiftly but smoothly along the highways. There are ships that fly like birds through the air.

I hear the thunder of the nations as they clamor for freedom from the oppressive yokes of kings and rulers. They endeavor to be wholly free, every man a king as Adam before he sinned. In impotent anger they slay one line of oppressors only to come under the rule of another. Alas! Is there no eye to pity? But wait, I see that deliverance comes at last, though not by human beings. He who created our first parent

comes to the rescue. More than this is yet hidden from my view."

My eyes closed and as I sank away overpowered by the wonderful vision, Japheth caught me in his arms, exclaiming: "Come back to me, Aloma, I cannot live without you!" My strength returned and he continued: "Dark are your words; I understand them not. Let us leave the future to unravel its own mysteries while we live and love in the present."

So present happiness occupied our words and thoughts. Yet strangely contrasting with our tranquil joy, suggested, perhaps by the vision which pictured our children at enmity among themselves, Lamech's sad poem runs through my head:

"Adah and Zillah! hear my voice,
Ye wives of Lamech! give ear unto my speech;
For a man had I slain for smiting me,
And a youth for wounding me:
Surely sevenfold shall Cain be avenged,
But Lamech seventy and seven."¹

¹ See Appendix, Note 28.

Alas that we should bequeath this sad heritage to our children. O Adversary of our race, how long wilt thou prevail to plant seeds of hatred in the hearts of the children of men?

THE TEBAH TOUCHES LAND

Seventh Month—Seventeenth Day.

At daybreak this morning we were awakened by a sudden jarring of the Tebah, which threw my couch against the wall. Awakening so abruptly from a deep, dreamless sleep, it required a breathing space or two to realize what had happened. Then I understood instinctively that the Tebah was fast aground.

With much less than the usual time devoted to donning my raiment, I was arrayed. The musical but subdued tones of the harp summoned the family to morning worship. I ran to the central chamber. Only Noah and Lydia were there.

Noah was at the hearth replenishing the fire, which had almost gone out. It soon began to blaze cheerfully. I reclined on a cushion at Lydia's feet as we discussed the momentous occurrence.

"Dear child," said Lydia, "This is indeed a day never to be forgotten. At last we have reached our goal. The peril of the deep no longer threatens. We are safe on land again and it is now only a question of days perhaps ere we may emerge from our temporary refuge and dwell once more on our native earth.

"We know not where we are except it was revealed to Noah before we embarked on this long voyage that we would anchor on a mountain in the center of the world. Omnipotence has guarded us all our journey through."

When the family were all present we engaged in our accustomed morning prayer with joyful and thankful solemnity.

LAND APPEARS

Tenth Month—First Day.

It is now two months and thirteen days since we rested on earth. A constant watch has been kept to discern the first appearance of land. All are beginning to feel their confinement now. All longed for the day of release. We tried in vain to picture the earth as it would now appear. Would we be able to recognize the old ruins? Or would the face of the earth be so changed that we would find no familiar landmarks? We could only surmise and wait.

At last the happy day arrived. Our brother Ham first discerned the welcome sight of land. It was a small black object rising from the vast sea. Slowly did the waters sink, slowly the mountain peak emerged. Now even the animals became restless. It had been my daily habit to feed the sheep and other small animals, a duty I had grown to enjoy, and I had made friends with many

of them. Japheth promised me that the little lamb born during the voyage should be mine. Poor animals; they will be glad too, to have their freedom again.

Eleventh Month—Tenth Day.

This morning Noah opened the window of the Tebah and sent forth a raven but it returned in the evening to the Tebah. The waters are gradually receding. Much of the surrounding country is now visible. We can only discern that the mountain on which we have rested is very high and descends to the valley below by gentle slopes. This will enable us to leave the Tebah without difficulty. Ham can scarce be restrained from endeavoring to go forth now but Noah has persuaded him that the Most High has provided him with a sign by which he will recognize the proper time.

Eleventh Month—Twenty-fourth Day.

Seven days since Noah opened the window and sent forth a dove. Away she flew and

was soon lost to sight. In the evening she returned and Noah put forth his hand and caught her and brought her in. He waited again seven days and sent forth the dove a second time. In the evening she returned as before but in her beak was a fresh olive-leaf! He now summoned the family to relate this memorable incident. The waters are abated from off the earth.

First Month—First Day.

There came a day when our little dove returned not and we saw her no more.

Today Noah with his three sons removed the covering of the ark and we beheld a beautiful scene. There were mountains stretching in every direction and valleys with glistening rivers traversing them. The sky above was a beautiful blue. All nature seemed to present a joyous aspect. I gave myself up to the rapturous enjoyment of this magnificent sight.

There are now no wicked Devas to again

destroy the human race. How strange to think there is not a sound of living beings in all the world but within the narrow confines of our Tebah. This universal silence will never again prevail, a brooding silence while nature meditates a new beginning. The old world has ended, the new begun! What yet undreamed of possibilities are reserved for our race?

Third Month—Fourth Day.

Arguri. On the slopes of Ararat.

It is seven days since we left the Tebah. On that day God spoke unto Noah and commanded him to go forth, he, his wife and children, and take with him every living thing that was with him in the Tebah. This commandment Noah hastened to obey. The camels, elephants and horses bore the heavier burdens as we unloaded the Tebah. The Tebah appeared desolate, indeed deserted by its occupants.

Noah led the procession, the family follow-

ing. Slowly we descended the mountain. The animals went cautiously at first, being timid, but soon acquired confidence and scattered in every direction—all except the animals which bore our possessions and domestic cattle and fowl, which continued to follow us down the mountain.

THE RAINBOW PLEDGE

For several hours we journeyed and halted at noon. Our father Noah built an altar unto the Lord and sacrificed and he slew of all clean cattle and fowl and offered upon the altar. All gathered around the altar as the Prophet lifted his eyes to heaven and offered thanks to the Almighty for our preservation. And the Lord was pleased with the sacrifice and drew near and communed with the Prophet.

The Lord spake and said: "I establish my covenant with you; and all flesh, and with your seed after you; and all flesh shall not

be cut off any more by the waters of a flood. This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you for perpetual generations. My bow I do set in the cloud and it shall be for a token of the covenant between me and the earth."

Simultaneously with the words of the Lord appeared the rainbow in the sky, composed of all the colors, and very beautiful to behold.

NOAH'S INTOXICATION

Seventh Month—First Day.

A strange and sad thing happened to our beloved Father. I hardly know how to record it. Noah is a husbandman and had preserved seeds of all plants in the Tebah, and on settling on the slope of this mountain, he and his sons tilled the ground and planted the seeds. Noah invented a very useful instrument for this purpose called a

plow and by means of this their labor was much lessened.

When the grapes were ripe Lydia made from their juice a wine and gave to Noah to drink as he returned from harvest one day much wearied, thinking it would refresh him. But it had a strange and unusual effect upon him. He became intoxicated, and Ham, entering the tent of his father, found him—uncovered! Hard-hearted as he is he cared not for his father's predicament but hastened to his brothers and recounted it to them. Shem's indignation at his brother Ham's unrighteous conduct knew no bounds. Shem and Japheth then ran to the assistance of their father, and entering the tent backwards covered their father with a garment.

At length Noah awakened from his sleep and was informed about what had happened. His marvelous mind quickly grasped the significance of this startling event. He instructed his sons that a new thing had happened. The juice of the grape had fer-

mented. This had been impossible before the Deluge. But the climate was greatly altered after the flood, causing food to ferment and spoil very rapidly.¹

Shem and Japheth were blessed by their father for their good deed; but regarding Ham, Noah said that his descendants would be servants.

* * * *

Here the manuscript abruptly ended, but upon the back of the linen roll was an inscription in bolder characters, which after careful study we found to be—

¹ See Appendix, Note 29.

THE STORY OF JAVAN

After the Flood, 500 Years.

Aloma, our honored and loving mother, has left us. She sleeps in the land of Iapeti, in the land of forgetfulness, whither all our fathers have journeyed, and whither all the living must follow. Seven days ago she called me to her side and said:

“My dear Javan, it seems scarcely possible that it is now five hundred years since the Deluge! How rapidly the years have slipped by! I was just emerging from childhood at that time. How gracious the Lord has been in bestowing on me seven noble sons. May the All-Beneficent One guard your future.

“In times past I was permitted by the Almighty God to have a vision of the future. In that vision I beheld the attempt of the mighty Satanas, who together with his cohorts was restrained in darkness at the time

of the Deluge, that they might no longer appear in human form.”¹

My mother ceased speaking for some moments; her thoughts seemed far away. At length she resumed:

“As on that night do I seem to hear the voice of Japheth crying to me, ‘Aloma, Aloma, my beloved!’

“Dear Japheth, I come!—not to the shelter of the perishable Tebah, but to rest with thee in peaceful sleep in the dust of the earth until that happy day when we shall be awakened and enjoy forever the restored Paradise of God.”²

“And now I must depart. To you, O Javan, in whose arms it was foretold I should die, I commit the keeping of this journal, which faithfully I have kept according to the words of Allimades. This I entrust to your care for the benefit of my posterity, who are now scattered throughout the earth. Once

¹ See Appendix, Note 30.

² See Appendix, Note 31.

they spoke a single language, but because of their disobedience in building the Tower of Babel, their languages were confused and they were scattered to the four corners of the earth. In vain did I warn them to desist from their impious course in building that Tower. You remember my grief at their refusal to heed my warning. But a mother's love cannot die. Let my wealth be equally divided among them, and convey to them my blessing.

"The history of the great Deluge has been transmitted by other survivors of our family. My record agrees with theirs. When you lay me in the tomb beside the dust of your father place in my hand the amethyst cylinder brought from the library of Allimades and let it contain this record."

Here my mother motioned all in attendance to retire, which we did, borne down with grief at her approaching death.

In the night there was a commotion in the royal pavilion. The attendants of my mother were summoned. Hastily I entered the chamber and raised my mother in my arms. Her life was rapidly departing. Once more the old prophetic fire flashed from her eyes and wondrous words came from her quivering lips:

“Again I have a vision of the future. I behold coming to the earth the promised seed of the woman, born from a favored one, a descendant of our kinsman Abraham. This marks the opening of the Divine purpose effecting the deliverance of our family and not ours only, but all the families of the earth.¹

“He is the Messenger of Jehovah. He announces that he comes not to do his own will but the will of his Father, who sent him. He is the chief of all creation. He is the Right Hand of Almighty God. In some marvelous way, which is not now revealed, he

¹ See Appendix, Note 32.

causes the sentence passed upon our father Adam to be satisfied, that Adam and his race may be released. I behold that he dies as a man and is raised out of death a powerful, glorious being and elevated to the highest position in the universe next to Jehovah. I see written the words that he came to destroy Satanas and his works, and that Satanas shall be destroyed.¹

“The scene changes. Century rolls on after century. Dimly I see a wonderful work progressing in silent grandeur, unknown and unnoticed by mankind.

“At last the mighty Prince appears again. Now he comes in power and great glory and proceeds at once with the work appointed for him, to overthrow and destroy the power of Satanas the usurper. There is great commotion on the earth and all the nations are in distress and perplexity. Wars, pestilences and famines afflict the peoples of all lands. Selfish men, goaded on by Sa-

¹ See Appendix, Note 33.

tanah, plunge the world into a terrible time of trouble which becomes so intense that it mounts to the very heavens, and the hearts of men are melted because of the trouble. The world reels to and fro and staggers like one who is drunk, and men are at their wits' end. They cry unto the Almighty in their trouble and He helps them out of their distress. He makes the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. And then stands forth the Prince of Peace and commands the storms to subside, and sweet peace settles down upon the earth.¹

“With the mighty Prince I see a glorious company, the most beautiful creatures I have ever looked upon. They were selected and trained with greatest care throughout the centuries, being silently gathered one by one from among all nations and kindreds. When the Prince returned he received these chosen ones to himself, raised them to life immortal and granted them the power to sit with him

¹ See Appendix, Note 34.

on his throne. I see these become the judges, not only of men, but of the Devas, whose judgment must come in the great Day of the Almighty.¹

“I see poor, depraved humanity, so long benighted and fettered by the power of Satan and the fallen angels, being gradually lifted up out of their degradation by these chosen ones of Jehovah. All the chains of ignorance, superstition and darkness are broken, and the fetters fall from the hands of the people. Satan and his associates are bereft of all power. I see the mighty hosts returning from the prison house of death and being brought again to their own land. They come with rejoicing. The tender ties of home and family, broken by death, are re-established. Thy mother, too, shall stand in her lot at the end of the days and be reunited to her beloved ones.”²

“I behold Allimades with Samoula by his

¹ See Appendix, Note 35.

² See Appendix, Note 36.

side. There is also Minerva, Aldeth and Cheros in the bloom of youth. These, with joyful song, walk with each other beneath the trees by the beautiful streams of water; the birds are singing, the trees are clapping their hands for joy; and all creation is singing the praise of Jehovah.¹

“Hesperus, too, I see once more in beauty, having been restored to harmony with the great Creator. He rejoices at my awakening. With pleasure he speaks: ‘Aloma, welcome to the kingdom of Messiah. Obey the great King of kings and Lord of lords and thy life shall be endless and unlimited joy thy portion.’ I see a host of angels in heaven, who respond: ‘Joy to thee, Hesperus, thou who hast loved the light.’

“I see the beauty and glory of Eden restored. The deserts are blossoming as the rose; the whole earth yields its increase and is made as the Garden of Eden. There follows a government which satisfies the de-

¹ See Appendix, Note 37.

sires of all honest men. The people sow the fields and plant vineyards which yield abundantly. Wars are forgotten, sickness is no more; there is not even a fear of such things. I behold a restored earth, a restored people. Sorrow has passed away. There is no more crying, no more tears. There is no more death. I see a host of angels in heaven praising God. I behold a host in the earth catching up their songs and joining in the praise until everything that breathes is singing the praise of Jehovah and his beloved Son, the Prince of Peace.¹

“The vision of Aloma is ended!”

Here the voice of my mother, which had been so marvelously sustained, failed her. Utterly exhausted by this last supreme effort, she sank rapidly. She seemed to be almost gone. Thus she lay for half an hour. Then her large, luminous eyes opened once more. She raised her finger and seemed to be listening. Then she whispered softly:

¹ See Appendix, Note 38.

“Hush! the sound of the river coming, coming—*Eternal Life! Eternal Harmony!*”

In another moment with a radiant smile the eager, earnest eyes closed forever. Aloma was dead.

My mother was buried beside our father in the tomb on the mountain of Iapeti. On her brow was set the crown her humility had declined, and “The Journal,” encased in imperishable crystal, will be placed in her hand, perchance for the benefit of future ages, when the wonderful events of her life, recorded therein, may have passed from the memory of man. Upon the walls of her tomb have we sculptured the Arbor-Vitae, emblem of that which she saw in dying vision; and when the shadows of death gather over us, may we also apprehend its significance, and with the latest breath bless the God of Japheth and Aloma.

The words of Javan are ended.

APPENDIX

NOTE 1. (See page 9)

"Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake." (Daniel 12:2.) "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust." (Isaiah 26:19) Although the bodies of those who sleep in death may have lain for thousands of years in the grave, yet their identity is preserved in the memory of God. In due time "all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth" (John 5:28, 29), "every man in his own order." (1 Corinthians 15:23) The resurrection of each one is to that station to which, in the perfect judgment of God, he is fitted. "God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him." (1 Corinthians 15:38) No change takes place in *sheol*, the tomb, the Bible *hades*, "for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave [Hebrew, *sheol*] whither thou goest." (Ecclesiastes 9:10) "There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust." (Acts 24:15) See THE HARP OF GOD, pages 342, 343; and STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES, Vol. I, pages 191, 192; Vol. V, pages 341-343.

NOTE 2. (See page 15)

In the days before the Flood there were no rains, "for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, . . . but there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground."—Genesis 2:5, 6.

NOTE 3. (See page 16)

Satanas, which means "The hater" or "The accuser," is the proper name given by our Lord to that bright angelic being who, in his perfection, was known as

"Lucifer, son of the morning." (Isaiah 14:12) Of him it was said by the prophet Ezekiel, "Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty. Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering. . . . Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee."—Ezekiel 28:12-15.

Of how Lucifer came to be Satan or Satan we read briefly from Isaiah's prophecy: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High."—Isaiah 14:12-14.

The Bible asserts that Satan began the rebellion against the Divine law, and seduced our parents through his own ambition for power. Satan was created perfect and upright; but to be created perfect and to remain upright are two entirely different propositions. God has been pleased to create his intelligent creatures with perfect liberty to follow the right, or to alter their course and become rebels. Satan voluntarily chose evil, and Jesus said of him that "he was a murderer from the beginning [of man's life upon this planet]. . . . He is a liar, and the father of it."—John 8:44.

Of the ultimate end of Satan there can be no doubt. He is to be completely destroyed. (Hebrews 2:14) The language "never shalt thou be any more" (Ezekiel

28:19) leaves no room for a hope or a fear of his existence under any conditions, anywhere, when the final punishment for his course is administered, namely, destruction. See THE HARP OF GOD, pages 36, 37; and STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES, Vol. VII, pages 500-503.

NOTE 4. (See page 17)

We read in Genesis 6:1, 2: "And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the *sons of God* saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose."

These deceitful beings, the cohorts of Satan, are "the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, . . . giving themselves over to fornication, and going after strange flesh." (Jude 6, 7) As a punishment for their evil conduct they have been confined since the Flood within the atmosphere of our earth "under darkness unto the judgment of the great day." (Jude 6) It is these "chains under darkness" that necessitate spiritistic seances being held in darkened rooms.

In Job 38:7 we read: "The morning stars [early bright ones] sang together, and all the *sons of God* shouted for joy." This passage refers to the situation which existed at the time of the creation of the world, before man was brought upon the scene, and could by no possibility have reference to human beings. We conclude, therefore, that in Genesis 6:1, 2 quoted above the inspired writer calls attention to the fact that "sons of God" (angels who assumed human form as flesh-and-blood men) were joined in marriage with women.

It is significant that the Scriptures never allude to angels as assuming the form of women. It is even more

significant that angels are always referred to in the Bible as masculine; and there are many incidents related in the Scriptures where they assumed human form as men. Abraham entertained angels, "sons of God," unawares (Genesis 18); and Jacob wrestled with one until break of day. (Genesis 32:24-30) See THE HARP OF GOD, page 30; and STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES, Vol. I, page 183.

NOTE 5. (See page 21)

The expression "Star-spirits" is drawn from the passage Job 38:7: "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Our Lord Jesus is a Star-spirit; he refers to himself twice as "the bright and morning star." (Revelation 2:28; 22:16) Lucifer is also referred to as a "son of the morning"; and there are yet others, for Lucifer, in his ambition, said: "I will exalt my throne above the stars [bright shining ones] of God." (Isaiah 14:13) The victory of Israel over Jabin and Sisera in the days of Deborah is ascribed to the fact that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," which is understood to mean that the holy angels were on the side of the Israelites, directing the battle.—Judges 5:20.

NOTE 6. (See page 22)

"The sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them; the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown." (Genesis 6:4) In this passage reference is made to the offspring of the illicit union between the "sons of God" (the fallen angels designated in this novel as Devas) and the "daughters of men." Throughout this story these children are called Darvands.

NOTE 7. (See page 42)

Although God put a flaming sword east of the Garden of Eden, to keep Adam and Eve from partaking of the tree of life, yet now in the near future the entire earth will be made like unto the Garden of Eden when the Lord has lifted the curse from mankind and from the earth itself. "Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him."—Psalm 67:5-7.

In that day the crops will be so abundant that "the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest." (Isaiah 29:17) Then "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." (Isaiah 35:1) "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."—Isaiah 35:5, 6.

Then the world of mankind, restored to God's favor, shall "inherit the desolate heritages." (Isaiah 49:8) Then "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." (Isaiah 55:13) Then the Lord "will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field." (Ezekiel 36:30) "And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden." (Ezekiel 36:35) See THE HARP OF GOD, pages 28, 29, 39, 40; and STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES, Vol. VII, pages 82-95.

NOTE 8. (See page 63)

Death means destruction of being, the opposite of life. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should

not perish." (John 3:16) "The wicked shall perish." (Psalm 37:20) Jesus "poured out his soul unto death," thus making "his soul an offering for sin." (Isaiah 53:10, 12) He thus demonstrated that the penalty for sin is death. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Ezekiel 18:4) Let us fear to disobey the great Creator. Such a course persisted in leads to ultimate destruction, the utter oblivion to which all God's enemies shall eventually be consigned. See THE HARP OF GOD, page 35, chapter 3; and STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES, Vol. V, pages 353-381.

NOTE 9. (See page 65)

The offspring of the fallen angels were quite evidently of unusual physical proportions and are the "giants" referred to in Genesis 6:4. From the *Scenario* of the PHOTO-DRAMA OF CREATION (page 17) we quote:

"The account of the fall of the angels from being sons of God to be demons helps us to understand why God decreed the Deluge to wipe out all of the human race except Noah and his family. We perceive that God from the first intended to deal only with Adam and his family. The giant sons of the fallen angels came into being contrary to the Divine will; hence, properly, no provision was to be made for them. They never had a right to life, nor will they have a resurrection. On the other hand, all of Adam's posterity, redeemed by Jesus' death, must be recovered from death, with full opportunity to secure everlasting life. After the Deluge, the demon angels dematerialized—resumed their spirit conditions."

NOTE 10. (See page 70)

Satan's statement to mother Eve, "Ye shall not surely die" (Genesis 3:4), is the lie which our Lord

referred to when he said of Satan that "he is a liar, and the father of it." (John 8:44) Perhaps Satan has from the first *believed* this lie. It is the basis of every heathen religion, and of every perversion from the teaching of Christ. *But it is a lie*, nevertheless. Mankind is mortal, dieable; all the facts about us prove the truth of this statement. God "only hath immortality." (1 Timothy 6:16) He alone, from the first, was and is undieable, immortal. Even his first and best loved Son could die and did die. The Son, who was exalted to immortality at his resurrection, "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named" (Ephesians 1:21), says of himself: "I am he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore."—Revelation 1:18.

NOTE 11. (See page 97)

The word translated "Ark" in the account of the home of Noah and his family during the Flood is not *arun*, meaning box, but *tebah*, which signifies something designed to preserve those who take refuge in it.

NOTE 12. (See page 103)

"Midland Sea" is the Mediterranean, "Gate of Rocks" is the Strait of Gibraltar.

NOTE 13. (See page 103)

"Amber Isles" are the Cape Verde Islands, 400 miles west of Africa, famous for the raising of medicinal herbs.

NOTE 14. (See page 104)

In the Bible the word GOD, which means mighty One, is used in reference to others beside the one supreme God. "Who is like unto thee, O Jehovah,

among the gods?" (Exodus 15:11) "Give ear, O Jehovah, unto my prayer. . . . Among the gods there is none like unto thee."—Psalm 86:6-8.

NOTE 15. (See page 105)

See Note 4, to which may be added the fact that we are assured by St. Paul that Jehovah will not subject the world to come, wherein dwelleth righteousness, to the administration of angels, as he permitted to be the case with the earth and its peoples before the Flood.—See Hebrews 2:5.

NOTE 16. (See page 125)

Maya, Sanscrit for illusion. Homa, an intoxicating drink made from milkweed, used by the ancient Aryan tribes, believed by them to have been of antediluvian origin and regarded in a certain sense as a spirit or deity.

NOTE 17. (See page 129)

"And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof."—Genesis 2:19.

NOTE 18. (See page 130)

"Noah was five hundred years old: and Noah begat Shem, Ham, and Japheth."—Genesis 5:32.

NOTE 19. (See page 141)

The first great judgment was at the beginning, in Eden, when Adam stood on trial before God. The result of that trial was a verdict of guilty, disobedient, unworthy of continued life. The penalty inflicted was death (Genesis 2:17); and as a result "in Adam all die."—1 Corinthians 15:22; Romans 5:12.

Mankind has been redeemed from the curse of death by the one ransom sacrifice for all which the great Redeemer gave. Hence, the falling asleep in death is not now to be considered death in the full, everlasting sense of the word. In the Millennial morning all humankind will be awakened, for the purpose of an individual trial and judgment, with its reward of everlasting life to the obedient, or punishment of everlasting cutting-off from life to the incorrigibly wicked, namely, extinction, second death. See STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES, Vol. I, page 129; Vol. V, page 345; and THE HARP OF GOD, pages 322, 323.

NOTE 20. (See page 150)

Isaac Vail, author and scientist, corroborates the Biblical account of the Flood in his theory of creation, which is briefly but thoroughly and convincingly reviewed in STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES, Vol. VI, chapter 1. The wise will not attempt to guess that which God has not revealed respecting how he previously gathered together earth's atoms. The basic rocks indicate clearly that they were once soft and fluid from intense heat; and scientists generally agree that not a great way below the crust, the earth is still hot and molten.

The Vailian theory credits the rings of vapor surrounding the earth to the fact that all combustible elements were thrown off by the heat leaving basic rock only as all else would be changed into gases, forming an impenetrable canopy for miles around the earth in every direction. The earth at this period must have resembled Saturn with its "rings." The breaking down of these rings, long periods apart, furnished numerous deluges. The water, strongly mineralized, covered the entire surface of the earth, just as described in Genesis.

"We assume from scientific reasons," says Mr. Vail,

"that the last of these rings was pure water ; that it had not yet broken and come down in the day of Adam's creation, but that it completely overspread the earth as a translucent veil above the atmosphere. It served as does the whitened glass of a hothouse to equalize the temperature ; so that the climate at the poles would be little if any different from that at the equator."

Following the Deluge in Noah's day came great changes, accompanied by a great shortening in the span of life. With the breaking of this canopy in the Flood came a terrific change, almost instantaneous, from a hothouse temperature to arctic coldness. See Scenario of the PHOTO-DRAMA OF CREATION, pages 2, 3, 19.

NOTE 21. (See page 151)

The Scriptures say of some that they "seek for glory, honor and immortality." (Romans 2:6, 7) This is a contradiction to some who claim that all men have it, without seeking it. Again, the apostle says of the saint of God that "this mortal must put on immortality." (1 Corinthians 15:53) Except it be granted as a reward for faithfulness by him "who only hath immortality," the Almighty, there could never result in the entire universe of God an immortal being. See 1 Timothy 6:16; and STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES, Vol. I, page 173, chapter 10.

NOTE 22. (See page 158)

Will those "spirits in prison," the angels which kept not their first estate and became fallen ones, ever have an opportunity to repent of their sin and return to the service of God? St. Peter tells us that they are "reserved unto judgment" (2 Peter 2:4), thus settling the matter that they, as well as mankind, will have a trial under the reign of Christ and the church. "Know

ye not that we shall judge angels?" (1 Corinthians 6:3) It is doubtless true of the repentant angels and of the holy angels, as it is with men, that if they resist the devil he will flee from them.

The Scriptures show us that human hope rests in the fact that a ransom price was provided for Adam and for all who lost life in him, but what is the basis of hope for the fallen angels? Did our Lord Jesus die for them? We are not so informed.

The angels were not under condemnation to death, hence needed not to be redeemed from death. The angels were condemned to restraint and confinement until the day of trial, when God will judge both men and angels. (Acts 17:31) We are assured that "it pleased the Father, . . . having made peace through the blood of the cross, by him to reconcile all things out of harmony unto himself, . . . whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven."—Colossians 1:20.

NOTE 23. (See page 176)

If the introduction of steeds of fire should appear to any person as too fanciful, we may refer to the Scriptures. "There appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder." (2 Kings 2:11) "The Lord will come with fire, and with his chariots like a whirlwind, to render his anger with fury, and his rebuke with flames of fire."—Isaiah 66:15.

NOTE 24. (See page 198)

Our Lord, too, corroborates the account of the Flood. "As the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." (Matthew 24:37-39) See STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES, Vol. II, page 162; Vol. IV, page 606.

NOTE 25. (See page 221)

As an evidence that the arts and sciences were developed at this early time, note the following expression regarding the seventh from Adam in the line of Cain, the same generation as Noah's great-grandfather. "And his brother's name was Jubal; he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."—Genesis 4:21.

NOTE 26. (See page 222)

Although the family circle has been sadly broken, we are thankful to know that the great glory of the Almighty will be manifest when the bondage of corruption, death, gives way and the loved ones return to their own. Then he will give them "rivers of pleasure" (Psalm 36:8) to enjoy in the Edenic home which this earth will be made, and when the earth is filled with the glory of the Lord their happiness will know no limit.

NOTE 27. (See page 227)

Nimrod, the mighty hunter, the grandson of Ham, built Babylon and laid the foundation of the first universal dominion, the Babylonian empire. Shem's son, Elam, was the ancestor of the Persians, who, with the Medes, conquered Babylon. Javan, the son of Japheth, was the ancestor of the Greeks, who obtained the third universal supremacy.

NOTE 28. (See page 229)

These lines are quoted from Genesis 4:23, 24. "This is the only extant specimen of antediluvian poetry; it came down perhaps as a popular song to the generation for whom Moses wrote; and he inserts it in its proper place in his history. Herder regards it as Lamech's song of exultation on the invention of the

sword by his son Tubal-cain, in the possession of which he foresaw a great advantage to himself and his family over any enemies.”—Smith’s Bible Dictionary.

NOTE 29. (See page 239)

“The breaking of the last canopy at the time of the Flood produced an acidulous condition of the atmosphere tending toward fermentation and directly affecting human longevity. This ferment changed the character of the grape product, making it alcoholic. Noah’s intoxication was certainly the result of ignorance of this change.” See Scenario of the PHOTO-DRAMA OF CREATION, page 19.

NOTE 30. (See page 241)

“And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day.” (Jude 6) “God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment.”—2 Peter 2:4.

NOTE 31. (See page 241)

“All that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man and come forth; they that have done good (those justified by faith) unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto a resurrection by judgment.” (John 5:28,29) “They that have done evil” means the world in general. In the trial time that is coming all of these shall have an opportunity for everlasting life.

As the dead come back from the tomb provision will be made for them by their friends who are living on the earth. Families long broken up will be again reunited, and sadness will give way to joy. Gradually

throughout the thousand year reign of Messiah the human race will march up the highway of holiness until all shall have had a full opportunity. Only the wilfully wicked will be destroyed, while all the obedient ones shall be restored to the perfection exemplified in Eden before sin entered, and awarded the gift of eternal life with its attendant blessings of liberty and happiness. (Ezekiel 16:55; Isaiah 11:4-9) See THE HARP OF GOD, page 319, chapter 11; and STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES, Vol. IV, page 615, chapter 13.

NOTE 32. (See page 243)

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." (Luke 2:11) "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." (Luke 2:14) "The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (John 1:29) "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16) "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—John 10:10.

The Ransom is the central theme of the entire Bible. We choose some of the pointed passages: "There is one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." (1 Timothy 2:5, 6) "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom. His flesh shall be fresher than a child's: he shall return to the days of his youth."—Job 33:24, 25.

In Hebrews 2:9 we are informed that "Jesus tasted death for every man." "I will ransom them from sheol (the Bible hell, the grave): O death I will be thy

plagues, O sheol, I will be thy destruction." (Hosea 13:14) The whole race has been redeemed, and therefore, when God's due time shall arrive, a blessing of resuscitation, of awakening from death, shall come to every member of the race. See THE HARP OF GOD, page 115, chapter 6; and STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES, Vol. V, pages 426-482.

NOTE 33. (See page 244)

"Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he (Jesus) also himself likewise partook of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." (Hebrews 2:14) "He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil."—1 John 3:8.

NOTE 34. (See page 245)

"For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."—Psalm 107:25-30.

NOTE 35. (See page 246)

That the Christian church is an exception to God's plan for the world is evident from the statement that its selection was determined in the Divine plan before the foundation of the world. (Ephesians 1:4, 5)

Jesus was the first or forerunner of the "seed" of promise and the Scriptures show that Satan was aware of this fact and made many attempts to destroy the Holy One, and has since persecuted the followers of Jesus. It pleased the Father to seek a Bride for His beloved Son. Of this Bride class St. Peter writes, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature." (2 Peter 1:4) See THE HARP OF GOD, page 181, chapter 8, and STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES, Vol. VI, pages 85, 163, chapters 3, 4.

NOTE 36. (See page 246)

See Ezekiel 16:55; Isaiah 35:10; Jeremiah 31:15-17; and THE HARP OF GOD, pages 342-352.

NOTE 37. (See pages 247)

"His flesh shall be fresher than a child's: he shall return to the days of his youth." (Job 33:25) "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof. Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice Before the Lord: for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth." (Psalm 96:11-13) "Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together. Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity."—Psalm 98:7-9.

NOTE 38. (See page 248)

We quote from a book entitled "A Desirable Government," in which it is clearly shown that Messiah's

Kingdom is now due to be set up on earth, and all the gladsome prophecies are about to be fulfilled:

"The devil, through his earthly representatives, has taught the people that the masses will spend eternity alive, not in happiness, but in torment. This is a false doctrine. Those that refuse to obey the Lord will be destroyed. 'All the wicked will he destroy.' (Psalm 145:20) The obedient ones shall be restored to perfection of body, of mind and heart, and shall dwell together with their loved ones in happiness.

"Many are now blind and deaf and lame and halt. These deficiencies shall pass away under the righteous administration of the desirable government. Concerning this, God's prophet says: 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. . . . Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing.' (Isaiah 35:1, 2, 5, 6) In order for man to be happy he must be relieved of sickness, given health, and have peace. Under the new government these things will be granted. 'Behold, I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth.'—Jeremiah 33:6.

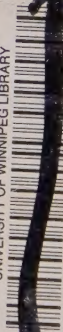
"The people will be so happy under the new order that they will assemble, not to petition for redress of their wrongs, but to sing the praises of the new and righteous government. (Isaiah 51:11; Psalm 148) The obedient ones shall be restored to the days of their youth and their flesh shall become fresher than a child's.—Job 33:25.

“Thus we see that the new government will be a desirable government. It will bring to the obedient ones of earth all that they have desired; namely, life, liberty and endless happiness.” See A DESIRABLE GOVERNMENT, pages 31-35.



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